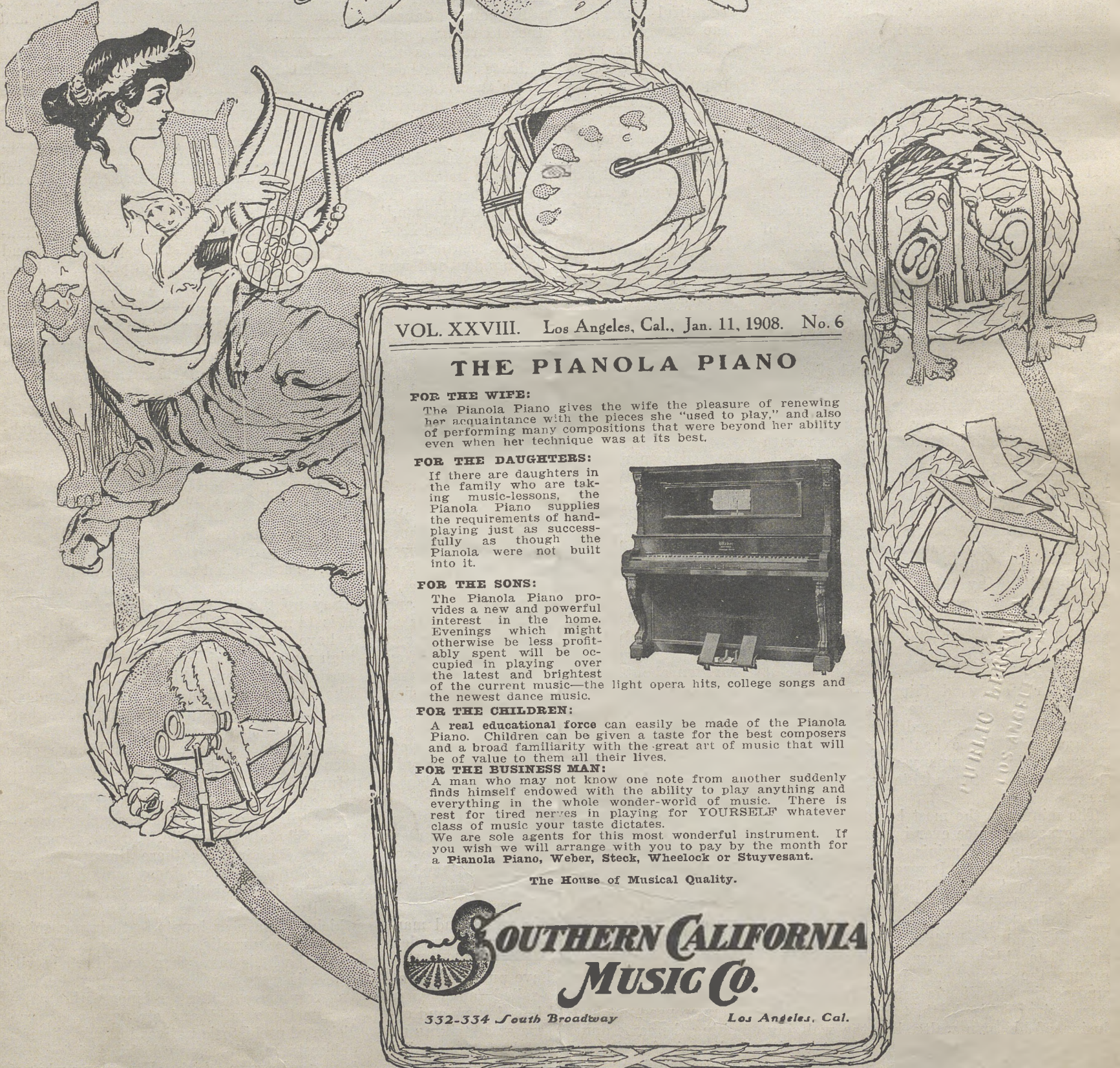


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII. Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 11, 1908. No. 6

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A Terpsichorean Disquisition—III

By BEN C. TRUMAN

It is not generally known that the elegant quadrille, les lancers, originated in England, and was called "the lancers." But the French quickly took it away from their neighbors and bestowed upon it its French orthography and gave it to the world as its own. It had a good run for a quarter of a century in France and England, and was then hung up. It is seldom danced in the United States, except in polite circles in country towns. The famous French "contredanse" was also taken from the English, whose country dance was "as old as the hills." But the French acknowledged their contredanse as an importation from England, and with equal frankness acknowledged that they owed their "gigue" to the jig of England, and that they had otherwise "borrowed."

The saddest and most crushing of all the malign acts of the Terpsichorean iconoclast was when the "Virginny Reel" was omitted from the fashionable programme, which was the beginning of its end. And while it was in no wise a dignified or a beautiful dance, it was jolly and hearty and full of hurrah movements; and it was a "free for all," as everyone could "get through it"—even those who could not waltz and knew not one cotillion figure from another. Forty years ago all the balls at the National Capital and at West Point; all the charity and patriarch assemblies in New York, and all other dancing parties of note, and of course all lesser ones, wound up with the Virginny Reel. Even at fashionable Del Monte for many years no Saturday evening programme was complete that did not finish with this mirthful American dance; and it was no uncommon thing to see Charley Crocker, James Flood, A. L. Tubbs, Obadiah Livermore, Lloyd Tevis, Colonel Granniss, Captain Taylor, Fred MacCrellish and an equal number of elderly granddames grotesquely backing and filling and responding to "do-si-do." Why this dance should have been called Virginny Reel I have found no one who could tell. Virginia long ago claimed it as its own; but as Virginia has claimed the julep, and even the cocktail, as its inventions, and very many other good things, or "all good things"—as Henry Clay once declared—there is no person willing to deny said alleged parentage. But the good old dance has been sent to the morgue to keep company with the polka, the mazourka, the quadrille and other dead ones.

The minuet is the most beautiful and the most graceful dance ever invented, and was very popular in Virginia and Maryland in Washington's time. It was also popular in Philadelphia, Trenton, New York and Boston one hundred years ago. But in America and England it is only seen nowadays on the stage and at children's dancing academies. The elder Strauss attempted to introduce the minuet of Margaret of Burgundy's time in Vienna some three or four years prior to his death, to the partial exclusion of his own waltz, but the waltzing Viennese did not take congenially to it. The only country in the world where the minuet is now danced by fashionable people is France, and it at present may generally

be seen in the Parisian salons. This Parisian minuet was invented by a French ballet-master in the reign of Louis XVI, named Gardel, and called the "Minuet of the Queen," in honor of Marie Antoinette. This minuet of Gardel was evolved from a court dance of Louis XIV's time, which was tremendously dignified and was called the "Braule." The original minuet was much older and its authorship cannot be traced. When Don Juan d'Austria went incognito from Brussels to Paris nothing he saw during his famous trip excited his admiration half so much as the grace with which the beautiful Margaret of Burgundy danced the courtly dignity of the old regime, and, therefore, has ever been regarded as the most aristocratic of all dances. The most popular of minuet music is from the first finale of Mozart's "Don Juan," and is the model of all other music to which the minuet has been danced of late years.

The gavotte is strictly a French dance racy of the soil and derives its name from the Gavots, a race of mountaineers in the environs of Gap; while "Israel's rigadon," the meaning of which so sorely puzzled English critics of the eighteenth century, is simply a dance called the rigadon and was invented by one Rigaud, a dancing-master of Marseilles. At present the French indulge in few dances, besides the waltz. The writer has been present at a good many receptions in Paris, including a number at President Carnot and Loubet's, and at the residences of other notable people, and he never saw any dances but the waltz; while all who have been in Paris during any of those holidays when the boulevards are turned into miles of dance place for the masses will aver that they never saw anything but waltzing on these occasions.

At high society balls in Spain the waltz is the main if not the only dance. There are no quadrilles, nor no dances that savor of the gavotte, the redowa or the polka; and what are known as "Spanish dances," which are extraordinarily exciting and splendid, and generally danced by twos or fours, can only be seen at concert halls and among the gypsies. The saraband, so often written about and so little understood, was a grave and noble dance of Andalusian origin, in which Ninon de l'Enclos was a charming proficient, accompanying herself as she did with the castanets, while the coranto, in which Charles II excelled, was only an adaptation of the Spanish seguidilla. I have never seen such brilliant dancing as I have for hours witnessed in the concert halls in Cordova, Seville, Madrid and Barcelona. I also saw an alleged fandango out in the olive orchards near the Alhambra, which was a bit willowy, but sluggish in the extreme. But when the guitarist struck up a waltzing number, the whirlwind manner in which those gypsy olive-pickers flew was a marvel. The same may be said of Cuba and Mexico. Whoever have punished themselves by watching a so-called fandango in Mexico need not be told how joyous and exciting the same dancers are at a striking up of music for the waltz. I have gone miles to see the fandango—the real thing. But I have never seen one that did not tire me. No more—

"Beneath soft eve's consenting star.

Fandango twists his jocund castanet." And, yet, a sort of a fandango, called the jarbe, is the favorite dance throughout Mexico, and is seen at its best in the outskirts of the Capital, at San Angel and Santa Anita; and in the cities of Puebla and Jalapa, Orizaba and Cuernavaca, Zacatecas and Guanajuato. A man or woman stand opposite to each other—or if women are scarce the men pair off—and dance; or, rather, they stamp a kind of smothered shuffle, which is neither a clog nor reel; and the dancers generally chime in their voices with the music from the guitar and bandolon.

If there be one dance that I shall always remember it was the one I saw executed by the monks and priests and bishops at the cathedral at Seville, on the Christmas morning of 1900. I had witnessed an imitation of it at a Christmas jinks of the Bohemian Club some years before, which was fantastically impressive. But here was the real thing. The cathedral was brilliantly lighted by hundreds of giant candles and other means of illumination, and there were thousands present. Amidst the processions and genuflections of hundreds of priests, acolytes, altar boys and others, and music from organ, drums, tambourines and castanets, the cockcrow had been glorified, and soon after midnight the dance of the holy men commenced—and such a wierd, childish, but pathetic and impressive spectacle cannot be properly described.

A most remarkable movement is that of the whirling dervishes, which I have watched for hours in Cairo, Luxor and Tangier, and seen them drop as if dead from sheer exhaustion. It may be remembered that Buffalo Bill had one or two of these marvelous whirlers, along with a group of Arabian acrobats, in his big Wild West show in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. These looked and dressed and whirled the same as I have seen them in Algiers and away up the Nile at Thebes and Assuan. It is to me one of the most wonderful things I have ever seen—a whirling dervish, in high metallic-looking hat, long-flowing skirt and short jockey-looking jacket, turning like a big top for an hour or more, and all the time getting up additional religious steam, so to speak.

As strange a movement as I have ever seen is what is known as the Cornish "fury" dance, a fury dance, in fact, as whole towns sometimes join in it and dance the devil out of all the houses, singing uproariously all the while. In no corner of Great Britain does there linger such a wealth of picturesque fancy and mystic tradition as in superstitious Cornwall, and especially in the little drab town of Helston, which once a year bursts forth into a spirit of rustic saturnalia. Flora day in Helston would be little more than an old world village fair were it not for the "fury dance." The very name excites the fancy with a sense of something wild and strange—a vague vision of prehistoric natives in their aboriginal costume, or uncanny looking pixies, one is not quite sure which. For a long while I cherished a belief, implanted in me by a

(Continued on page 5.)

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Matters of Moment

City Club to be "Punished."

The City Club of Los Angeles has fallen under the ban of General Otis and the "Times." It has been placed on the Black Book, and is to be "punished."

The City Club, be it known, is composed of some three or four hundred men of affairs who get together every Saturday noon, have a lunch and listen to an address or maybe two addresses by some local celebrities. Topics of vital interest at the time being are handled, and there is a free expression of thought among the gentlemen who compose the club.

The "Times" has hitherto given varying space to the proceedings of this club—although at the discussions that have invariably followed the lunch the best that many bright minds had to contribute to local questions was in evidence. The "Times" printed only those things which suited its policy, as for instance, when Joseph McMillan verbally attacked Dr. John R. Haynes in the fender discussion.

But, now, it is feared, the bludgeon is to be wielded in earnest. Sunday's "Times" contained the following:

ADDRESSES NON-PARTISANS.

"Education and Democracy" was the theme of an address on the private citizen's part in politics, by Rev. Burt Estes Howard of the Unitarian Church at the weekly meeting of the Non-Partisans in the Westminster Hotel yesterday. James A. Anderson, chairman of the Board of Public Works, sent a communication to the Non-Partisans, telling them that he has agreed to serve another term as a member of the Board of Public Works, provided Mayor Harper thinks best to offer him the place for a second term.

This paragraph would be entitled to a high rank in Humorous Literature were it not a notice to the City Club to cease from incumbering the earth. The paragraph is characteristically and essentially an Otisian declaration of war. "The General" scorns to designate the City Club by its proper title—its weekly lunch is a gathering of "Non-Partisans." The "Graphic" believes that a considerable proportion of the City Club membership will, however, plead guilty to the indictment of Non-Partisanship.

Having made it plain that the City Club

need expect no quarter, we turn to the offense which the City Club has committed.

At the Christmas meeting or jinks, or by whatever term the City Club chooses to call that particular occasion, General Otis's blackguardly attack on Dr. E. C. Moore, superintendent of public schools, was held up to proper ridicule. To jibe at the ponderous "Times," not to respond to the crack of its whip or the thwack of its bludgeon, are crimes to be visited with swift "punishment."

The point of all this is not to discuss the injustice, the brutality, the general infernality of the "Times's" attacks on respectable citizens of this city, but to learn whether the City Club is the organization to teach General Otis and the "Times" a well-merited lesson in decency. The "Graphic" wonders whether the City Club will maintain a stiff backbone—whether several Otis lackeys in the Club will resign—whether the fearless and independent element in the body will move to inform General Otis and the "Times" that the Club will not tamely submit to punishment.

Finally we remind the members of the City Club that there is one certain method to enforce respect. Wallace L. Hardison was treated with decency by the bullying "Times" the moment that he employed proper weapons. The lesson taught by Wallace L. Hardison may need repetition some fine day.

Is War Certain?

The "Graphic" has seen nothing in recent developments to alter the opinion, frequently and consistently expressed, that war with Japan is one of the certainties of the future. The statement of President Roosevelt, that the movement of the battleship fleet from Atlantic to Pacific waters is merely a practice cruise, we believe to be for public consumption only. There is reason to think that the President has information not yet divulged and that probably never will be divulged, that caused the movement of the fleet as a precautionary measure.

Japanese ambition unquestionably in-

cludes a desire to add the Philippines to the domain of the Island Empire. Hawaii may be regarded as an objective for Japanese. The only question that exists is whether Japan now considers the time ripe to strike.

There are many things which lead an impartial observer to think that war is coming.

First, there is the manner of reception tendered Secretary of War Taft, in his visit to Japan. It was too courteous, too characteristically oriental.

Second, is the announcement that operations have been suspended in the largest dockyards and naval stations of Japan. This is to be set down as oriental cunning. Were the truth known it would be learned that Japan is redoubling its energies.

Third, is the announcement that Japan has ordered home its subjects who have not completed their term in the military establishment.

Fourth, is the discussion, apparently inspired, that is going on apace in the leading centers of Europe.

Fifth, is the transfer of the fleet.

While it is true that quiet prevails on the surface of affairs between this country and Japan, the quietness is, we think, deceptive. The situation is not one that can be contemplated with any degree of comfort. It is too calm—the calm that sometimes prevails before the storm.

As to Manual Training.

The "Graphic" publishes with pleasure the subjoined editorial from the Portland "Oregonian," bearing on manual training in the schools. The "Oregonian," it appears, holds much the same opinion as ours—that manual training in the grades below the high school is largely fol-de-rol. The "Oregonian" says:

Though The Oregonian does not think it a proper function of the public schools to teach girls to cook and to sew, and the boys to use hammer and saw, it is not insensible to an argument made for such new departures, namely that it would tend to take the school out of the rut into which the old educational machine has run it. It would require, we are told, new thought, new training, new methods. The semi-sacred course of study so

ferently worshiped throughout "the system" would not fit an industrial institution. This course of study is the one end and aim, the be-all and end-all for which our public schools exist. Nothing must be done or even thought of which is not included within its sacrosanct covers.

But if the new plan should be carried far enough to be useful it would not be popular. It would savor too much of the original curse pronounced on man. It would be neither lily-fingered nor of aristocratic traditions, nor could it go clad in purple and fine linen. The first and last purpose of our educational system is to produce fine ladies and parmaceti gentlemen. It wants nothing to do with the smell of the kitchen or with calloused hands. Brooms and mops it abominates. Greasy overalls it loathes. Our education is essentially delicate, superfine, rosy-fingered and useless; and so it will remain until the pinch of general distress shall inaugurate new methods.

The lesson that education must take a firm hold on life is one that all of us have to learn through tribulation of the spirit and deep humility. We have always been taught that education was something that would save us from work. It comes hard to have to admit that its principal use is to teach us how to work. What is the use of going to school unless as a graduate one can live upon the labor of others? What indeed? It will be a long, long time before our schools see the last of their sorry old fetishes. But the little bit of "use of tools" that can be taught in the public schools will come to nothing. Parents must see that their children are taught trades—if they are to learn trades; but our system of free education, as the great majority conceive it, is to prepare the young to live without manual or mechanical labor.

The public schools are what the parents make them. Parents want their children to be "educated," so they may live without the labor that has fallen to the lot of themselves. The free school, from the children in the alphabet to the classes in the university, is expected to provide the means.

The old idea of the American free school was that the children should go to school in winter and work in spring and summer. Five or six months at most, in school, and the remainder in employments that would earn something. But now the boys and girls are to go to school nine months or ten, and the remainder of the year to the beaches, or to the mountains, for "rest" or "recreation." Before the parents of the country is the high prospect that their boys may become members of the learned professions, or socialistic leaders or political agitators; and the girls, as wives of these, are to float on the top of the social order.

This is the tendency of the time; it has long

been the tendency, and the movement has a steady and increasing force. It must run its course; nothing can arrest it. Little expedients, like amateur cook shops and carpenter shops, in the public schools, will be as useless and futile as an attempt to dam the Columbia River at the Cascades with floodwood. Even the workers of the country do not want their children to learn trades. Should the state teach the boys trades, or render them real help in entering the trades, it would break down the labor unions.

But possibly it is amusement for the children that is expected from "manual training" and "use of tools" in the public school. If for amusement, let it be so understood; but we needn't fool ourselves with any notion of the supposed utility of it, as a means of introducing our children to "improper labor." That must be done in other and more strenuous ways.

A Question Answered.

The Los Angeles, "Graphic," discussing the Whittier school trouble—regarding which it takes the only consistent view possible under the law—refers to "the eight bodies of Catholics" in its list of denominations. What are they? Where are they? New one on us!

Without caring to embark upon the right of any or all of the Catholic bodies mentioned to use the word "Catholic" in their nomenclature, the San Francisco "Monitor" (which asks the question) is informed that "the eight bodies of Catholics" are: Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Russian Orthodox, Greek Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, Armenian, Old Catholics and Reformed Catholics. And, furthermore, the following bodies use the word "Catholic": "Catholic Apostolic," and "Christian Catholic," these last being the Dowieites.

The "Times" and the "Recall."

That eminently salutary measure known as the "recall" still sticks uncomfortably in the throat of the "Times." It is such a wholesome morsel that one would have imagined even the editor of the "Times" would have been able to swallow and digest it after these long years. It is significant that in four years the "recall" has been applied only once in Los Angeles, and that it was then used upon a councilman who

had voted to award the "Times" a preposterous contract for the city printing. Because the "recall" was used as an indirect rebuke to the "Times," and the lesson then read has been an example to prevent the repetition of similar raids on the city treasury by the "Times," it is still, and must forever remain, an abomination!

But the editor of the "Times" is nourishing an exceedingly forlorn hope when he suggests that the board of freeholders, in framing the new charter, expel the "recall." It is doubtful if the "Times," with all its influence in other directions, could secure the signatures of a thousand voters to recall the "recall." The "Times" should be big and broad enough to prevent a personal grievance from so completely warping its judgment and a private interest from being so confounded with public policy.

Recently San Francisco, by an overwhelming majority, decided to incorporate the "recall" provision into her charter. Over and over again during those troublous and disgraceful months when San Francisco was ruled by a corrupt mayor and a conscienceless board of supervisors her people sighed for the ready instrument of the "recall." Without it their difficulties in ridding the city of criminal officials were increased a hundredfold. Numerous other cities throughout the United States have profited by the admirable example of Los Angeles, and are glad to know and command the advantages and conveniences of the "recall."

The "Times" unconsciously has revealed another advantage of the "recall," which many of us perhaps had not appreciated previously. We had realized that it was an admirable remedy to be applied to a public official who flagrantly used his public office for "a private snap," who wantonly betrays the trust that his constituents repose in him. But the "Times" shows us that the "recall" may well be brought into play upon the head of any weakling who is afraid of it.

Two Dramas of Despair

By R. H. HAY CHAPMAN

One no longer feels inclined to inveigh against the vapidness of much that obtains popularity on the contemporary stage—in the form of inane but glittering "musical comedy" and witless farce—as one examines the descent of the drama into the depths of pathological research. Plays dealing with sex problems, which practically monopolized the energies of serious authors a few years ago, have made room to large extent for dramatic treatises on individual melancholy, permeated with pessimism. Their vogue, however, is likely to be exceedingly short-lived. Disciples of the school of Ibsen, the pioneer of the modern pathological drama, will receive far more attention at the hands of critics than from the public. Happily it is only a very small portion of the great army of theater-goers who deliberately spend an evening and find their money's worth in watching the dissection of mental disease. The average theater-goer is pronouncedly a pleasure-seeker, and the search for pleasure is an infinitely more healthy pastime than the exploration of pain.

Two plays which at the moment are absorbing the attention of the elect in letters are "Waste" by Granville Barker and "The

Shirkers," by C. M. S. McClelland, the author of "Leah Kleschna." "Waste" failed to pass the scrutiny of the much abused British censor of plays and has only been performed privately in London. From the reviews and extracts of "Waste" it appears that for once the judgment of the British censor is completely vindicated.

"Waste" is a tragedy in four acts. Politics, sin and suicide form its theme. Henry Trebell is the statesman of the moment, and his future in the new ministry is the subject of discussion of a number of great ladies in the first act. Among these women is Mrs. O'Connell, who alone is bored by the talk of "high politics." She is unhappily married and living apart from her husband. She is exceedingly attractive, a born "amoureuse," and the dowagers instinctively dislike her. Mrs. O'Connell is left behind in the drawing room with Henry Trebell. The hour is late and the lady is on the verge of a nerve storm. The mild flirtation that evidently has been going on between them for some time suddenly changes to stormy passion. Trebell kisses her till she is dizzy. Mrs. O'Connell escapes from a close-locked embrace to get air. Be-

fore she reaches the window she faints. Trebell catches her up in his arms and carries her out.

The second act is at Trebell's house a few months later. He has just returned from a motoring tour in Italy to seize political power at the psychological moment. He is explaining his plans to his doctor. Enter Mrs. O'Connell, whom he has not seen since the night of the first act. She informs him that the consequences of that night are exceedingly serious. She threatens suicide if she cannot escape from what is to come. She clings to him for one sign of love. Instead, he reasons with her. A political dignitary interrupts the scene. Trebell gets Mrs. O'Connell to promise that she will wait in the next room and do nothing rash until his visitor has gone. Trebell in a moment is compelled to put aside his private catastrophe and discuss national destiny. He explains his great scheme of dis-establishment of the Church of England to his visitor and gets his adhesion. His personal political triumph seems assured. Then he opens the door of the next room. Mrs. O'Connell has flown.

The scene of the third act is laid in the

prime minister's house. The members of the Cabinet are listening with horror to the story that Trebell's doctor and confidant tells. Mrs. O'Connell is dead. Before dying she confesses everything to her husband. The vital question now is if O'Connell will make a public exposure. Trebell's conduct is discussed from all points of view—worldly, unworthy, religious, philosophic—and the prime minister and his colleagues decide it is a case where scrupulous morality must give way to political interest. Enter O'Connell, who strongly opposes this decision. Trebell suddenly appears, but the meeting of husband and lover is of a totally unexpected character. They both break out into imprecations against the dead woman; the husband because she has abandoned him, the lover because she has brought him to the brink of ruin. The prime minister and his colleagues are intensely relieved, and Trebell leaves the conference with a virtual assurance that everything will be all right. No sooner, however, is Trebell's back turned than the cards are given another shuffle. The scandal difficulty has been surmounted, but Trebell's great reform measure finds an unexpected and most virulent opponent. In the debate which follows Granville Barker is said to have accomplished something which no other dramatist has ever done—he has made a political discussion interesting on the stage. The moment of intrigue in the formation of a Cabinet is the key to the interest. "The romantic secrecy of the thing," says an English critic, "the personal rivalries, and the vast interests at the back of mere personal forces, appeal strongly to the imagination." Trebell's fortunes collapse; he is not to join the Cabinet.

In the last act Trebell receives the prime minister's note. He has been sitting up all night, brooding over the dead woman and dreaming of his future career. Something, he feels, has died within him, his laurels have withered just as he was to wear them. Life has lost its savor. The play ends with his suicide. Thus everything has run to "Waste"—two human lives, a life that was to be, and a great political energy.

"The Shirkers" only sheds its misery over one act. It has been performed recently in New York by Arnold Daly, who is best known as the chief exponent in America of the decadent drama, Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" being among his chief productions. Mr. Daly believes that "The Shirkers" is "the greatest one act play ever written." While its powerful construction is undeniable, one cannot willingly award such a superlative to a work overwhelmed with impenetrable gloom.

The opening scene takes place in the living room of a small farm house on the desolate Sussex Downs. John Belper, a man of thirty-five, and his wife, Margaret, have just finished their evening meal. Belper is in the last stages of despair. He reproaches his wife for looking out of the window "at the kid's grave." He bemoans their life of solitude. "We're just ghosts out here—the two of us. We ain't in the world at all." Margaret pleads with him to be sensible. But he retorts: "I'll never look out of that window again! I won't sit here every night, and see you doing the same things, over and over—the same dreary things. I've finished with it." Belper has

taken a knife from the table. He stabs Margaret in the breast. A man's voice is heard halloing at a little distance. Belper hides his wife's body behind curtains in an alcove. He places the point of the knife to his own throat, but his self-destruction is prevented by Richard Murray who pushes open the door and wrenches the knife away. An extraordinarily bizarre dialogue follows. Both men are "tired of life." Murray, who lives in London, is "tired of people." "If I've been driven mad by people," he says to Belper, "and you've been driven mad by the absence of people, I wonder if there isn't a simple cure for both of us." Murray proposes to change places with Belper. He gives him the key of his rooms in London, and provides him with ample money. Belper accepts the proposal. After his departure Murray discovers Margaret's body. She is still breathing. The scene closes with Murray kneeling at her side and bandaging her wound.

A year passes between this and the second scene. Murray and Margaret have lived together throughout that year. He now proposes an excursion into the world. He will take her with him to London, but he explains they cannot live under the same roof there. "Dick," says Margaret, "I don't think you can believe I'd go into a strange place, into a town, among other people, and live that way." While Murray is still explaining to her the pleasant life he will provide for her, Margaret takes a knife, and going to the alcove where Murray had found her a year before, kills herself. Murray discovers she is dead and is giving way to his anguish when the face of John Belper appears at the window. Belper explains he "had to come back. . . . That life of yours is no good to me." The lesson of the play, if there be one, is found in Murray's diagnosis of both their lives. "We're simply a couple of egotists, shirkers. We're experimenting with life instead of living it. And we will always be just as miserable as we deserve." They agree to change places again, taking up life just where they left it a year ago. Murray departs. Belper, left alone, thinks of Margaret and the tragedy of a year ago. He pauses when he reaches the curtains and tremblingly parts them. He sees the prostrate figure of Margaret, draws his breath in wildly, and with a wailing cry falls across the body.

Apologists will be found for both these dramas of desperation. Their sombre strength is not to be denied, and we shall be told that great moral lessons are to be drawn from them. Doubtless there are people who can find inspiration to lead cleaner and truer lives by contemplation of the unclean and the false, but it is not a cure to be recommended. The ordinary and inevitable avenues of daily life are too full of tragedies, of the "horrible examples" of sin and the abuse of life, to make it necessary for laymen to visit dissecting rooms in hospitals and lunatic asylums. At least half the space of daily newspapers is consumed with stories of contemporary tragedies every violation of life is treated as a subject of sensational interest, and news editors make merchandise of the misery of mankind. It would be a sad age in the history of the drama if the stage were to be pervaded by such samples of pessimism as

"Waste" and "The Shirkers." Happily, the health and good sense of the average audience will prevent their popularity. The normal man or woman is in search of light and not of darkness, and the stage, to which the majority of people turn for distraction from the cares of life and for mental recreation, will be the last public influence to succumb to the dominion of melancholy.

A Terpsichorean Disquisition

Continued from Page 2

worthy Cornishman, that the term was a corruption of "fury dance." My friend explained to me, with a degree of earnestness which left no room to question either his sincerity or his knowledge, that in bygone ages—how long ago he was sure he could not say—the devil used once a year solemnly to visit Helston. He said: "He always came by way of the Lizard, and there are barren tracks to this day marking his path, on which not a scrap of vegetation will grow. The place took its name—Hell's Stone—from the fact of having such a strange attraction for him. In order to keep the devil out of their houses the inhabitants all join in a dance of fury, singing invocations that was altogether too much for his ears, and so drive him away. The Mayor of this old world Cornish borough leads off the dance, leading a procession indiscriminately formed of all the inhabitants of the town—and as many more as like to join in. At a slow, measured shuffle this straggling array of people begins to promenade the streets. If they carry out the functions of the fury dance faithfully the whole crowd ought to dance in at the front door and out at the back of every house in the place, chanting the fury song to exorcise the devil."



C. C. Pierce, the genial "balloon route," has evidently been unaffected by the recent financial flurry. Mr. Pierce jubilantly declares that he never had a better year than 1907, and as a proof he gave to the poor people of Los Angeles a hundred barrels of flour through the various charitable institutions. Mr. Pierce is running semi-weekly excursions to San Diego, and will shortly begin excursions to San Francisco. The balloon route excursions are the most popular out of Los Angeles, both for tourists and residents.

By the Way

The Mayor's Message.

Mayor Harper's message is remarkable for its enumeration of the city's wants. After a careful reading of the document, I am convinced that in no single instance has Mayor Harper over-stated the needs of the city. In seven years Los Angeles has grown from 100,000 to approximately 300,000 people. In no instance has improvement and enlargement of its public facilities kept pace with the demand. We need each and everything which Mayor Harper recommends. Conditions alone prevent the fulfillment of the Mayor's programme, and it is useless to expect that all the good things which the Mayor would have for us can be brought to realization in ten years.

Our Needs.

Summarized Mayor Harper recommends an extension of the operation of the health department; a revision of the license ordinance; a tax on sand taken from the river bed; the immediate erection of a workhouse; another high school and more common schools; a public library building; more firehouses and fire apparatus; more policemen; new parks in the Sixth and Seventh Wards, and improvements to the parks we have; public baths in the congested districts; a new City Hall; the adoption of Charles Mulford Robinson's plans for municipal improvement.

All Well.

All of these things are well—some day we will have them. But the chief concern of Los Angeles today is to increase its water supply. The Owens River project has the hearty approval of the Mayor and to bring this proposition from a project to a reality is the first care of the people of the city.

Some Things that Cannot Wait.

While most of the things that Mayor Harper wants will necessarily go on the "waiting list," one or two things must be done regardless. The workhouse must be erected and Councilman Wallace, who I understand is responsible for shelving the scheme, must be induced to bring it to life. The city prison has held, one morning this week, as high as 319 prisoners; it was designed to ac-

commodate 120. The men in that prison are kept confined under conditions that Councilman Wallace would not permit with a drove of hogs—if he owned the hogs. Los Angeles must have a workhouse; nothing as good as an institution of this sort to abate the tramp and vagrant evil.

Liquor Trade.

Mayor Harper's comments on the liquor trade, which the "Express" characterized as "pats on the back," are worth republishing, as they are the crystallized essence of truth. Mayor Harper wrote:

"There was never a time in the history of Los Angeles when the liquor business was conducted in a better manner than it is today. It has been the policy of the Police Commission to keep a watchful eye on all places where liquor is sold and to see that all laws are complied with. The result is liquor dealers are conducting cleaner places and endeavor in many ways to avoid criticism and complaints.

"On recommendation of the Chief Executive, a zone has been established for wholesale liquor places and the number limited to 100 by the Police Commission. The Police Commission looks with disfavor on placing a restaurant license in the same building where there is a bar-room, and has announced that it will reject all applications of bar-room proprietors for restaurant licenses."

Mr. Earl's Denial.

In a recent issue of the "Graphic" was published a letter from Mr. E. T. Earl, denying that either the Southern Pacific or any of its officials ever gave the Earl Fruit Company or any other concern, with which he was connected, the benefit of any freight rate, which the Southern Pacific did not give to all other concerns engaged in similar business.

Mr Earl's Discourtesy.

In reply, the "Graphic" acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Earl's letter with the remark, "We would also say that your communication is the first received in the 'Graphic' office for four years, which does not contain the courtesy of a salutation."

Mr. Earl Writes.

Mr. Earl next takes his pen in hand to explain that the publishers of the "Graphic" are neither editors nor gentlemen. Mr. Earl classes himself in this letter with both the "good" and the "prominent." Inasmuch as Mr. Earl declines to publish this letter we shall have to do so. It reads:

LOS ANGELES, Cal., January 1, 1908.

The Graphic:

In a communication received from you, you complain that my letter you published in a recent issue did not show a salutation. It is true I addressed my communication simply to "The Graphic," and that is the only way I could address it conscientiously. It would have been improper for me to have addressed it "Gentlemen" or "Editors," as in the opinion of the few people who read your sheet, the salutation "Gentlemen" would not have been appropriate, as gentlemen are not in the habit of attacking the best citizens of the community, nor giving aid and comfort to grafters, high and low, or corrupters of public and private morals, as you are doing. It would have been improper to address my communication to "Editors," for the simple reason that editors follow the policy of publishing the essential truth and not malicious falsehoods.

The "Graphic" is known in this community as giving aid and comfort to grafters, high and low, and those who are engaged in the corruption of public and private morals. You are not known in this community as "editors," for the reason that you do not follow the policy of publishing what is the essential truth; on the contrary, you follow the policy of publishing that which is essentially untrue. You have not only followed this policy in connection with your malicious attacks upon me and the "Express," but you have followed it in your attacks on many other prominent citizens and institutions of Los Angeles and San Francisco. The motives for your attacks are not difficult to discern. They are transparent to the few who read your sheet from time to time.

I long ago ceased to be a subscriber to your sheet, yet you have from time to time sent me your paper with certain marked articles attacking me and the "Express." If your motive in sending these marked copies was for the purpose of extorting blackmail, or for the purpose of securing a free advertisement for your sheet in the "Express," you have signally failed, and your efforts in this direction will continue to meet with failure.

In your attacks upon me and the "Express" you have repeatedly uttered malicious and libelous statements, and when you have been called down by those who knew the facts, you have ceased in some instances to repeat them, but you have not seen fit to be fair enough to correct said falsehoods.

In a recent communication to you I stated as clearly as English would permit, that neither the Earl Fruit Company nor any other concern with

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January 1, 1908

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Loans	6,776,189.11	Surplus and undivided profits.....	316,217.95
Safe deposit vaults, furniture and fixtures.....	65,376.27		
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President; W. S. Bartlett, President.

which I was ever connected, received any concessions or favors from the Southern Pacific or its officials which were not granted to other firms engaged in similar business.

You published this statement with a slur at the Southern Pacific and its officials to the effect that they would probably not confirm your false accusations. You proceeded to publish further untruths regarding the relations of the Earl Fruit Company with other railroads. Let me say again, the Earl Fruit Company never received from any railroad or railroad officials or car lines advantages or benefits which were not granted to other concerns in similar business. The Earl Fruit Company never received rebates on freight or refrigeration from any source when I was connected with it.

The stockholders of the Earl Fruit Company and the C. F. X. Car Line, during the years I was connected with these concerns, were not identical, and therefore the profits of the car line did not redound to the advantage of the Earl Fruit Company. The Earl Fruit Company did not receive refrigeration at cost, and never was in a position to get its oranges east cheaper than anybody else, as you have said. The Earl Fruit Company did not enjoy the bulk of the orange-shipping business from Southern California, as you stated in a recent issue. The facts are that during the years I was interested in a car line the Earl Fruit Company's percentage of the business from Southern California was a small percentage of the total business, and was a decreasing percentage of the total business. Other orange-shipping concerns in which I had no interest whatever, but which used the cars in which I was interested, increased their percentage of the business from year to year, while the Earl Fruit Company's percentage of the business

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decreased. These facts ought to be conclusive evidence to any fair-minded man that the Earl Fruit Company enjoyed no advantages whatever on account of the writer's connection with a car line.

It is not my intention to give your attacks on me and the "Express" any further attention. Your motives are known of all men who read and think, and if it is your judgment to continue giving aid and comfort to grafters and corrupters of public and private morals, that is your privilege. I can only state in conclusion that the writer regrets, and so does every other good citizen in this community, the fact that the "Graphic" is not on the side of right, and is not engaged in the betterment of the community.

(Signed) EDWIN T. EARL.

Mr. Earl Advised.

So that Mr. Earl may know exactly how he is regarded by the majority of thinking men in this community the "Graphic" deemed it wise to reply to this letter. Again the "Graphic" publishes the letter addressed to Mr. Earl, inasmuch as Mr. Earl has said that he will not: It reads:

January 7th, 1907.

E. T. Earl, Esq., Laughlin Building, City.

Dear Sir: Attention to other matters has precluded an earlier reply to Mr. Earl's Happy New Year's greeting—something of which, by the way, Mr. Earl has no reason to be proud.

Somewhere in the Holy Writ is something to the effect: "Judge not lest ye be judged." In violation of this Scriptural adjuration, Mr. Earl has tried, convicted, sentenced and executed the "Graphic" as a menace to society, a defender of grafters, a destroyer of morals. To this gentle exercise Mr. Earl is welcome.

By far and large, when it comes to matters of general reputation, the "Graphic" will take its chances with Mr. Earl. Among men whose opinions are worth while, the "Graphic" will be willing to "stack up"—Mr. Earl understands the meaning of that term—with Mr. Earl any day, month or year in every particular, except in the possession of what the world calls property. May be such a test would show that the publishers of the "Graphic" are held in different—possibly better—esteem than Mr. Earl.

Mr. Earl naively classes himself with the "good" and the "prominent" of the community. We will let that pass. The question of our policy, which Mr. Earl deprecates, is largely a matter of conscience.

Let us see—

The "Graphic" can look the world in the face and say that it had no hand in the hounding of Mr. A. B. Cass—the newspaper policy of other publishers, which we are satisfied was one of the causes of the death of Mrs. Cass. Our conscience is clear there.

The "Graphic" can look the world in the face and say it did not denounce Thornwall Mullaly and W. M. Abbott as grafters; two men against whom assistant District Attorney O'Gara of San Francisco admits that there is no evidence. Our conscience is clear there.

The "Graphic" can look the world in the face and say that it never denounced Mr. Umben and the Parkside realty people in San Francisco, against whom there is no evidence. Our conscience is clear there.

Can Mr. Earl and the "Express" say as much as to their conscience in these instances?

The "Graphic" does not believe in trial by newspaper; no, not even by such saintly publication as the "Express." The "Graphic" believes in decent and orderly trials in the courts; no hysteria, no dramatics, and no arrest, conviction and execution by newspapers. The "Graphic's" publishers have been in the newspaper business sufficiently long to be able to smile at the antics of such papers as the Los Angeles "Express," and the San Francisco "Bulletin" and "Call." The "Graphic's" publishers are amused when newspaper publishers seek to become political dictators and to sit behind the throne of justice.

Whether Mr. Earl subscribes to the "Graphic" or not is a matter of no consequence. The "Graphic" has a habit of sending a marked paper to every person—not a subscriber—whose name is mentioned. May be Mr. Earl has, from time to time, received such marked copies. We have always desired that Mr. Earl should read every line which we have published about him.

But in this connection, since Mr. Earl insinuates blackmail, the "Graphic" challenges Mr.

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Earl to produce one iota of evidence that we have taken or solicited a dishonest dollar. Mr. Earl's warm personal friend, General Otis, has made the same insinuation; depend upon it, that General Otis's regard for the "Graphic" and its publishers is such that if "the General" had a thread of evidence to build upon he would immediately erect a mountain of suspicion, insinuation and conjecture. Not only that, but he would use his utmost endeavors to ruin the "Graphic" and its publishers. Mr. Earl is a trifle belated with this insinuation.

Whether the "Graphic's" editors are real editors or not, we leave to any newspaper man of Los Angeles. Maybe some of them might say that we are rather better qualified in this respect than Mr. Earl; possibly—possibly. And possibly the "Graphic's" editors are constrained to identify Mr. Earl with the class of wealthy newspaper owners whose influence in the newspaper business is ordinarily guided by considerations of dollars and cents. To designate such newspaper owners as, for instance, Mr. E. T. Earl and Mr. John D. Spreckels as "editors" really strains the intellect. The ability of these gentlemen to buy newspaper properties and to conduct them to advantage to themselves, is not seriously questioned, but to refer to men of this class as "editors" is as improper as to apply the term "farmer" to an alien land owner.

As for the "attacks" of the "Graphic" on Mr. Earl and the "Express," and on "many other prominent citizens and institutions," Mr. Earl should give himself no worry as far as concerns other people.

"Other prominent citizens and institutions" who have been "attacked," as Mr. Earl puts it, are:

Harrison Gray Otis and the "Times." We are sorry that this has caused Mr. Earl any sleeplessness.

Mr. J. Ross Clark and the Clark Coper Company. Maybe Mr. Earl would like to explain why the "Express" did not publish the facts about "Clark Copper." Maybe Mr. Earl would like to tell why the "Evening News" and the "Graphic" were instrumental—not the "Express"—in bringing to the treasury of "Clark Copper" the repayment of \$40,000 in cash and 600,000 shares of stock, in the interest of the minority shareholders.

The Los Angeles-Pacific railroad for blockading Fourth street. Is Mr. Earl afraid of Mr. Harri-man? If not, why does not Mr. Earl as a "good" and "prominent" citizen and an influential "editor" help preserve the rights of the people to that street? Is Mr. Earl's silence due to the fact that General M. H. Sherman is interested with Mr. Earl in the construction of the "Rebate Building" at Sixth and Main streets?

Several ministers. For permitting General Otis to use them as catspaws in the vindictive fight against Dr. Moore, superintendent of schools.

The "Graphic," Mr. Earl, tells the truth as it sees it. Being human, its editors are liable to err. If the "Graphic" has done Mr. Earl an injustice, it is willing to correct that injustice as far as lies in its power. It has on one occasion made a correction in Mr. Earl's behalf. When the "Graphic" thinks Mr. Earl has another correction coming, it will make one.

In the mean time the relations of the railroads with the Earl Fruit Company and the "C.F.X." are the subjects of inquiry.

Yours,

GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

There for the present the matter rests. The public can judge of what manner of man Mr. Earl is by his letters and by the "Graphic's" reply thereto.

Fine Old Californian Gone.

The death of Duane J. Bliss, at Carson, Nevada, few days ago, takes from Pacific Coast activities if not altogether the most notable, quite the most worthy of all our millionaire Argonauts; and the California and Nevada newspapers, in their truly affectionate obituary remarks, agree that Mr. Bliss was one of the fairest, truest and purest men that has ever lived on the Pacific slope, or anywhere—that in all his business and social dealings there is not a single derogatory mark against him of any kind. For more than half a century he had been a partner in or at the head of most stu-

pendous and formidable lumbering, really, mining, railroading and steam-boating undertakings without a single accusation or presumption of the slightest act of unfairness, unmanliness, meanness or subterfuge ever having been lodged against him. Mr. Bliss came to California, a short time following the '49 discovery of gold, and after a year or so in the "diggins" went into lumbering and merchandising, and in the early 60s became a partner of such men as D. O. Mills, Yerrington and others, and since then has been actively engaged in affairs principally in Nevada and on the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas. Through consummate business tact, splendid energy and a life of sobriety, money came his way largely and steadily, much of which he spent in extensive travel in many lands, in the enlargement of his many residential possessions, and in the bringing up and educating of his four sons, all of whom have made their mark, one having been the architect of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, another the manager of the Lake Tahoe Railroad & Transportation Co., and the other two in similarly useful vocations.

He leaves, besides these sons, a widow and two daughters, and a mighty host of others who mourn his demise. A feature that will long be remembered by all who have been intimate with the deceased was his sunny disposition and high congeniality and his exuberant love for everything that was truthful, decorous and just. There will never be another man precisely like Duane Bliss in honor, spirit, love of family and fairness to all and charity for even the sometimes undeserving, because the mould in which he was made has been broken.

George Patton Honored.

Mr. George S. Patton, who years ago aspired to a seat in Congress and whose handsome presence and rare eloquence would certainly have adorned any legislative assembly in the world, has been honored by President Roosevelt in his appointment to the board of visitors at West Point, for 1908.

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ARTISTS IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S FIRST AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF PUCCINI'S JAPANESE OPERA, "MADAM BUTTERFLY."

Henry W. Savage's "Madam Butterfly" organization is claimed to be the largest operatic company that has undertaken a complete tour of the country. It will come to Los Angeles in its own chartered train of nine cars. The beautiful Japanese opera has been so widely discussed since it was brought from Italy last year that all music

lovers look upon its visit as one of the great musical treats of the season. Those who were so fortunate as to see the New York production—which this city is promised, and Mr. Savage has a reputation for keeping his pledges—declare that the Puccini masterpiece as presented by the English Grand Opera Company and orchestra, is the most fascinating of any opera, old or new, that has been given in this country.

For the stage production Mr. Savage is sending out the most complete equipment he has ever furnished for presentation outside of New York. The company not only carries all the expensive Japanese scenery, costumes and properties, but the hundreds of beautifully colored lights, and even the "drop" curtains, four of which are used instead of the regular house curtain. The opera itself is being sung eight times each week, requiring three separate casts, in addition to the fine singing choruses. The orchestra of fifty musicians, employs many unusual instruments, all of which have been imported either from Europe or Japan. A musical offering as pretentious as the "Madam Butterfly" production is seldom



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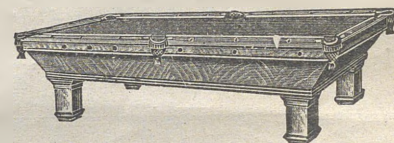
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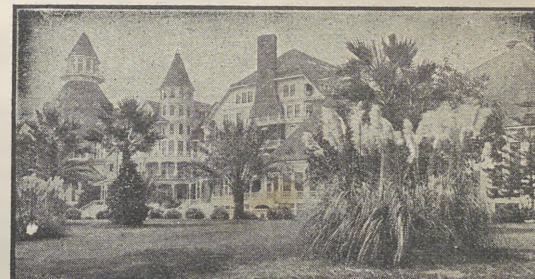
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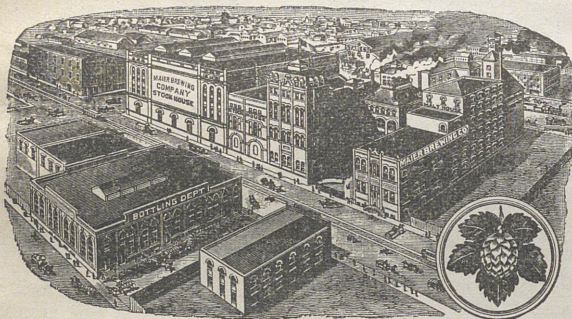
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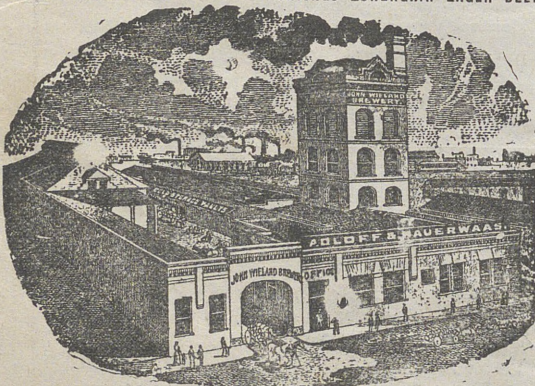
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witnessed outside of the principal cities of the country, and the local management is to be congratulated on securing it. "Madam Butterfly" comes to the Mason Opera House for three nights and one matinee, starting February 3.

My California Belle.

"My California Belle," sounds like a promising title; one that should catch the fancy of ballad singers. The words of this latest addition to popular song music are by Melvin Bartlett, the press representative of the Orpheum and Grand Theaters. They are full of California "color" and on its poetic merit the song should have a large sale. The musical setting is by Mrs. Bartlett, a talented pianist whose contributions to concert and social events were eagerly sought in her western home. This is the first song offered by Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett since their arrival in California a year ago. "My California Belle" will be introduced to the public next week by E. Coit Albertson in "Buster Brown."

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

"The Loom of the Desert."

Those who love stories that quiver with life, stories that are intense in interest and action, will find the want satisfied in Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobbridge's tales now collected and published under the title "The Loom of the Desert" (Baumgardt Publishing Company, Los Angeles.) Some weeks ago I anticipated the publication of this book by saying that Mr. L. Maynard Dixon was engaged upon the illustrations.

Mrs. Strobbridge.

Mrs. Strobbridge is known throughout the country for her book-binding. As a crafts-woman she has no superior. In describing her personality and her work, in the "Graphic" of December 9, 1905, I published a short interview with her, in which, speaking of her life in Nevada she said: "There were days that we spent in the saddle, and oh, that was the very fullness of existence sweeping through splendid stretches of country, never sleeping twice in the same camp, always learning something of what God meant his creatures to know. Once we took our horses and rode for weeks through the desert places of Nevada, far from where any railroad touched, and far also from a stage route. . . . Only twice did we cook our own food, however. We were the guests of cowboys at the various camps. There are wonderful sights on the wide deserts. . . . It was during the days and the nights in the deserts that I heard the story. . . . There are many prospectors there. None of them are young; many of them are very old; but all have some tale to tell of fabulous mines that are awaiting rediscovery. If you could listen to one of those old fellows and not imbibe something of his faith, why you are a stronger-minded person than I—that is all. Even a night of sleep, sound desert sleep, often failed to take the phantoms completely from my brain."

Spirit of the Tales.

That is the spirit with which Mrs. Strobbridge was apparently possessed when she wrote the tales which go to make up "The Loom of the Desert." As she says in her foreword, "From the wide Gray Waste the Weaver had drawn the color and design; and so the fabrics, warp and woof, were of the desert's tone." The stories, with few exceptions, are more or less sombre and deal with "Sorrow or Death or Sin." But in each there is consummate art in the telling. "Greater Love Hath No Man," "Where the Burros Browsed," are remarkable tales in their insight into human character. Perhaps no stronger recital of the inevitable operation of the law of compensation can be found than in "Where the Burros Browsed." "The Vengeance of Lucas," tells the story of primitive hate and revenge with the hand of a master. Mrs. Strobbridge has reason to be proud of these stories; she has established herself as the one western writer who can tell western stories that have the real flavor.

Who are the "Knockers"?

The average San Franciscan is convinced that the average Los Angeleno cordially dislikes, is jealous of, and never misses an opportunity to "knock," San Francisco. The average San Franciscan would find much enlightenment if he could pay an occasional visit to Los Angeles. He would discover that the people of Los Angeles are

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far too busy about their own affairs, too absorbed in contributing to this city's destitute, to be wasting their breath in "knocking" San Francisco. On the other hand, San Francisco's daily press ignores Los Angeles as much as possible, only seizing occasional opportunity to paint conditions in this city in the worst light possible. The San Francisco "Examiner" recently has been engaged in a very ingenious but unsatisfying attempt to demonstrate that the cost of living—of everything from a sack of potatoes to a suit of clothes—is higher in Los Angeles than in San Francisco. The following dispatch from Los Angeles was prominently displayed on the first page of the San Francisco "Chronicle" a few days ago:

WHITE MEN IDLE, JAPANESE BUSY.

Anomalous Conditions in Labor Market in Southern California.

LOS ANGELES, January 2.—While the resources of every charitable organization in the city are taxed to the limit in caring for the destitute families of unemployed white laborers; with soup kitchens established by the Salvation Army to feed able-bodied white men reduced to want through enforced idleness; with the railroads repatriating hundreds of starving Mexicans, who in the fortnight since construction work was stopped by the utility corporations have become public charges, an anomalous social and industrial condition is presented in the fact that practically every Japanese resident of the city is employed and apparently prospering.

Less than a year ago there was a large influx of Japanese to this city and contiguous points. They went to work as coolies, but the central Japanese organization in San Francisco obtained control of the orchards and agricultural lands, by lease or otherwise, and the brown men quickly supplanted all other labor. They now control the situation.

In the past Los Angeles has suffered from the evil imaginations of irresponsible correspondents who have made a few dollars by sending abroad false reports of local conditions. It would be interesting to know if the above dispatch is genuine—if it was sent out by the "Chronicle's" regular correspondent in this city. If so, how much of that "information" the Los Angeles "Times" contributed.

Let the Animals Alone.

The Filcher-Wiggins menagerie or exposition zoo has been the cause of a heated controversy between ex-Governor George C. Pardee and Mr. Rufus P. Jennings, of the California Promotion Committee. In the discussion of plans for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, at Puget Sound, Mr. Jennings has waged a savage war on those noble animals known as "the walnut elephant," so familiar to visitors at the Chamber of Commerce, "the prune horse," "the raisin eagle," "the bean elk" and "the peach dog." Mr. Jennings argues in favor of pictures, statues, stories, lectures and receptions, and wants the animals left at home. Perhaps it has not occurred to Mr. Rufus P. Jennings that Mr. Frank Wiggins and Mr. Filcher, who is secretary of the State Agricultural Society as well as commissioner to the Northern exposition, are experts of many years' standing on these matters, and that the Filcher-Wiggins menagerie would not be maintained unless it were of value.

Louisiana Lottery Graft.

Los Angeles although for many years the Mecca of all sorts of fakers and "get-rich-

quickers" has hitherto been remarkably free from the lottery graft. According to recent disclosures at Berkeley, the Louisiana State Lottery Company, (Western Department) has been actively established in this city for some time. The name of Jason King is given as its president. As a precaution, the address of the company has been given as "Majestic Mines Syndicate, Phoenix, Ariz." The sooner the authorities drive out, root and branch, the lottery fakers from this community, the better for this city's reputation.

Future of Scrip.

Many people have been asking the question: "How soon will the bank scrip be retired?" A definite reply has come from the Clearing House banks. The scrip will be retained in circulation as long as necessary, unless Congress passes a currency law which will permit the issuance of asset currency. The need for a circulating medium commensurate in volume with the business transacted may not be as urgent today as it was when the Clearing House decided to issue scrip, but nevertheless were it not for the existence of this scrip, there would be an extremely binding scarcity of currency. For all purposes, save in the payment of taxes, scrip is as good as any currency. To all intents, it is identical with national bank notes. Behind every national bank note there is a government bond of equal value; behind this scrip, there is two dollars of value for every dollar of scrip that is issued.

Asset Currency.

Unquestionably a currency that is based on real value in bonds is better than any currency issued by a central bank, the control of which institution, were it established, would very quickly get into the hands of a clique of New York financiers. I can see no possible objection to the proposition to permit national banks to deposit approved school, municipal, state and other securities with the Comptroller of the Currency, and to permit the issue of a taxed circulation against these securities. This done and the currency would be elastic—swelling when the call for money is urgent, contracting automatically when plenty of money is idle.

Keep Moving.

The decision of the Clearing House to await action by Congress before deciding to retire the scrip is wise. Any reduction

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of the scrip just now means that many employers must curtail their business, throwing more idle men on the street. Let us have enough circulating medium—scrip, if foolish people continue to hoard gold, silver and paper money.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Behymer's Enterprise.

Len Behymer, to whose rapid advance in the control of musical attractions on the Pacific Coast I alluded last week, was interviewed by the San Francisco "Call," while in the North. "The entire coast" said Behymer, "has suffered through the inability of the managers to get together. What Seattle wants, Los Angeles doesn't; San Francisco desires to hear one artist, while Portland wants another. Thus eastern artists have not been able to secure satisfactory bookings. There is no center. Madame Gadski, for instance, went back east a disgusted artist. She lost money on her tour of the west and told me she would never come to the coast again unless a change in the managerial situation took place. I am trying to weld together the diversified desires of the music centers of the coast and thus make bookings for the great artists satisfactory at once to them, the public and the managers."

Concerning San Francisco artists Mr. Behymer said:

"You have plenty of talent here, and no one is paying any attention to it at all. You never hear your own people, for no one seems willing to undertake the job of managing concerts and recitals for them. I may come up here and take a hand at that proposition myself, for it offers opportunities for profit to the manager and advantage and money to your local professionals. We have made it pay in Los Angeles; you should easily make it pay here."

Will Be Missed.

The departure of Arthur L. Clarke, managing editor of the "Examiner," almost since its inception here, will be universally regretted. Mr. Clarke had a very difficult position to fill, but succeeded in filling it with marked ability. While his principal colleague in the local management has been persistently engaged in making enemies for himself and his paper, Clarke was just as persistently busy in making friends. Moreover Clarke enjoyed the loyalty and affection of every man and woman on his staff. Personally, perhaps, he is to be congratulated on his removal to Chicago, because his good work here was perpetually hampered and injured by the petty interference and insufferable egotism of Mr. Hearst's local "superintendent." His lines, I hope, will now fall in pleasanter places; but it will be seemingly difficult for any successor to fill Arthur Clarke's place here.

Mark Jones, President.

Mark Jones, former county treasurer, has been elected President of the Merchants Trust Company—something that will please the thousands who know him. Coming from an old family, and an old-timer him-

self in point of residence, if not in years, Mr. Jones is amply qualified to achieve success in his new role. He has been interested in the Merchants Trust Company since its organization, and now succeeds Mr. W. L. Brent who has resigned to give his attention to other business.

Brolaski's Exit Near.

That the notorious character, Harry Brolaski, is no respecter of persons when it comes to showing 'em "sure thing" via the first-past-the-post wire tap fake has just come to light, and involves a local lawyer and a doctor client. The "touch" was for some thousands, and the details can be expected in a future issue as the New York end is yet to be heard from. Brolaski in the meantime can be found daily in the paddock and betting ring at Santa Anita Park—always trying.



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Deborah's Diary

At a luncheon today (Friday) at the home of Mrs. E. L. Doheny, the engagement of Paymaster Ervan A. McMillen, of the United States navy, and Miss Anna Chapman, daughter of Judge and Mrs. John S. Chapman, will be announced.

Well, it's all over now, and I'm still like one in a dream—a dream of flashing lights, and glowing flowers, and dazzling, gorgeous gowns that would be a credit to a New York affair. We ought to be proud of our Bachelors. I know we look forward for a year to their cotillions, and they've never disappointed us yet, either. When the little chaperone and I peeped timidly out into the ballroom we simply gasped. You wouldn't have dreamed there was a cold, biting wind outside if you'd seen that ballroom. It was like a huge garden bower, with its network of ferns, and the warm deep-red of holly and poinsettias. And there were dozens and dozens of quaint, colored lights to cast their radiance over the fairy-like scene; to give new beauty to the tender shades of the gowns, and to lighten the sombre black of those bachelors' faultless attire. I danced till I was fairly dizzy, then I just sat and watched the scene—the Vanity Fair that went waltzing by me. I missed Uncle Jo a great deal, but I did have a good time, and I'd like to tell each and every adorable bachelor just what a triumph they have to glory over.

Mrs. J. J. Meyler of 2713 Severance st., was hostess at a dinner recently given in honor of Miss Flossie Allen and Mr. Ervin Denge, whose engagement has just been announced. Mrs. Meyler was always a "chic" and stylish society girl, but she has never been so handsome as now, with her graying locks, her picture hat and soft, clinging furs.

News comes that Mrs. O. W. "Willy" Childs is in New York and expects to come straight home, but it is doubtful how long that word may mean when this most popular matron once more arrives in the midst of her circle in the big New York City.

The innumerable friends of Mrs. John Foster of West Twenty-eighth street are rejoicing over her recovery from a serious illness which has kept her at home since her return from the East.

Mrs. Guy Cochran of 234 Loma Drive entertained this week with tea in honor of Mrs. John Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin of San Francisco. Mrs. Cochran was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Phil Johnson and Mrs. Carey Marble.

Mrs. Edward Doheny has returned to her home in Chester Place after an absence of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter was hostess Thursday evening at a theater party at the Mason Opera House.

Mrs. John H. F. Peck has returned from Europe. She will pass the winter in Long Beach.

A number of box parties were given Monday evening at the Auditorium, when the premiere of Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews "Kate Shannon" was given. Mrs. Florence Collins Porter was hostess at a box party in honor of Mr. Robert Wilcox and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Waters, Mrs. Felix C. Howes, Mrs. P. G. Hubert and Mrs. Clara Griese. Another party included Mr. and Mrs. William Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lummis, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Aliot, Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt, Mrs. Idah Meacham Strowbridge, Senator and Mrs. S. W. Dorsey and Mrs. Bigelow. Miss Helen McCutcheon entertained in honor of Mrs. I. L. Hibbard and Mrs. Drusilla Daly gave a large party for Gov. and Mrs. O. H. La Grange.

From Coronado Beach.

With the hotel comfortably filled and a steady though modest number of guests coming in each day, Coronado began its season of 1908. Though the management does not expect a big patronage until a trifle later in the month, enough old friends are on hand to give an appearance of activity.

On Monday the first contest of the year, a Putting and Approaching Competition for men, was held on the golf links. This contest was the first organized sporting event of Coronado's calendar. The hunting trips to Mexico have been postponed, because the proper arrangements could not be made for taking firearms across the border. It is hoped that this proposed new feature of Coronado's organized recreation can be accomplished later in the year.

Through the fog end of the holidays, Coronado preserved a social equanimity not at all disturbed by the so-called festive season. New Year's Day, however, was not allowed to pass unnoticed and unsung. The vanishing year was attended to its end, with dancing in the ball room. The birth of 1908 was hailed with enough rejoicing to show that Coronadonians fear the new as little as they did the old.

Mrs. J. C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. D. Barry, with Miss G. B. Barry and Miss Adeline

Barry of Pasadena, have been spending a post holiday vacation at Hotel Del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ely, of Redlands, made a short stay at the hotel.

Mrs. E. L. Jessup, Mrs. Eda Adams and Miss Eda Jessup, of Denver, who spent the holidays in Los Angeles, have returned to the hotel.

Mr. N. B. Brander, whose home is in Tahiti, is at Hotel Del Coronado, visiting his brother, W. C. Brander.

Residents of Los Angeles and vicinity who are registered at Hotel Del Coronado, are: George J. Mayer, Earle E. Rogers, Stanley P. Berger, Trabue Van Culin, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Merrill and Mrs. J. C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. D. Barry, Miss G. B. Barry, Miss Adeline Barry, of Pasadena.

The Army and Navy coterie at Coronado has been growing during the last week. Now, that Admiral Dayton's fleet and Admiral Sebree's Pathfinders, the Tennessee and the Washington, will put in at San Diego, the colony will unquestionably assume larger proportions. Among recent arrivals are Mrs. E. S. Bogert, who was at Coronado during the last visit of the Milwaukee, and Mrs. R. H. Jackson, of Washington, who expects her husband, Lieutenant Jackson, with Admiral Dayton's fleet.

As the cruiser Chicago is booked for an "Around the Horn" trip, beginning January 8, the officers on last Friday gave a farewell reception on board the ship. There was joy and dancing, and plenty of tea poured.

Henry S. Williams will be the soloist at the organ recital at Christ Church next Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. The programme as arranged by Archibald W. Sessions, the organist, is as follows:

Funeral March and Song of Seraphs, (Guilmant.)
Salut d'Amour, (Elgar.)
Basso—"It is Enough," (From "Elijah") (Mendelssohn.)
Offertoire in D Flat, (Salome.)
Finale in B Flat, (Cesar Franck.)

The recital to follow this one will be on the evening of Wednesday, February 5, and Mrs. Robert Wankowski will be the soloist.



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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

It ought to rain this week. Sure thing! Not a steady, awful downpour that drives everyone, but the milkman home, but a nice, gentle soft drizzle that will last long enough to show once more that Blackstones stand in with the elements, and I do believe get some sort of a rake-off from our friend Jupiter Pluvius? Else how can we account for the enchanting and vast display of rain coats they have just imported. They're soft, silken, striped affairs, with waterproof back and perfect straight front effect. Years ago—in our grandmothers' day, Harriet—stormy weather unearthed some ghoully black shiny garments, made like unto a winding sheet, underneath which flopped large dustpan-looking affairs known as goloshes. Now, in 1908, go to Blackstone's, third floor and ask to see a young damsel arrayed for a rainy day. Perhaps she selected a golden brown corded silk coat, which I saw, made to the figure in the back and double-breasted and bullion buttoned

"en fronte." Chamois leather collars and cuffs gave it a pretty finish. For goloshes Blackstone's have hand-embroidered silken hose, with rubber tipped shoes to match. Or perhaps the figure is holding quite high—for the puddles—a changeable silk rubber coat, in stripes of varying hue, with hood and cape gracefully falling back from her shoulders, and the slenderest of Blackstone's umbrellas made to match the garment, clasped in her hand. Twenty-five to thirty-five dollars buys one of those elegant and graceful garments, but sometimes it takes considerably more to buy the girl.

Across the street to the Ville de Paris, we successfully dodged our way, midst the death-dealing autos and irresponsible motorcycles, and were properly thankful to seat ourselves at the linen counter in the cool and dignified establishment. Our mutual friend was about to select a set of damask table linen, and had decided to try the Ville first. She selected a most beautiful double damask set, cloth and napkins, in Rose Arabesque pattern. These are hand loom, Irish and Flemish, grass bleached linens, whitened and softened to an exquisite finish by nature's alternate dew and sunshine. The patterns are exquisitely woven and come in poppies, pond lilies, French scrolls, tiger lilies and the ever beautiful chrysanthemums, and in all sizes.

We took a peep into the most appealing department of any store—the baby establishment of Myer Siegel's. One imagines there's nothing left to think of for the new baby when one leaves Siegel's one week end, but lo! next Monday are we not asked to "just look at those darling little knitted and padded silken cloaks and kimonas for the little emperor?" In all tender shades these soft things were, piled high up in a basket all ready for the stork. Layettes in exquis-


ite hand embroidery from the powder puff to the carriage robe and furs are all to be found in the latest models at Myer Siegel's, 253 South Broadway. Mrs. Siegel has left for New York, where for the next three months she will be gathering wonders to be displayed upon her return.

Next week I will explanation to you about the beauteous new establishment that Miss Swobdi, the milliner, has moved into, but she hasn't any time to hand me even a bouquet this week, being in the throes of packing up.

The Boston Store has at this moment, my child, in its art department, something that would delight that artist man of yours to his very heart's core. We were spying round midst all the pretty wares in this place—which are being sold at a quarter and half off the regular price—when we came upon some wonderful first proofs in copper plate that Mr. Vincent, the buyer, had picked up in his recent wanderings abroad. To a collector or connoisseur I suppose this set of a hundred and twenty wonderful little etchings would be a gold mine, and at the price of \$125 a veritable "find." These etchings are all signed and dated in the "earlies," from 1760 to 1814, and are by the most celebrated German artists of olden times. Our friend was having spasms over their value and absolute "bona fide" originality; so I didn't dare tell him how much more I admired some beautiful Tiffany lamps and afternoon tea sets. Well, if you're going to furnish up that den this spring and lack anything from brass bowl to tiger skin, go to the Boston Store for real bargains.

Always yours, **LUCILLE.**
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On the Stage and Off

Mrs. Al Woods, wife of the theatrical magnate, is passing the winter in Los Angeles and enlivening days along the Rialto by many impromptu entertainments. One of these was a regular sockdologer for a few actors and actresses connected with the local theaters, and they still are wondering whose party it was anyhow. Suffice it to say that a select, but not too small, party of ladies and gentlemen more or less connected with the stage, found themselves after the theater one evening ensconced in an upper room at Levy's. Mrs. Woods apparently was the inspiration, if not in fact the organizer of the affair, and as the evening merged into the morning and the festive spirit swelled, she ordered champagne by the case. The young men were thinking what a jolly hostess Mrs. Woods was when finally a check was brought in, which amounted to about \$90. Still in a jesting spirit Mrs. Woods passed the bill up to the young men of the party, and after a hurried and whispered consultation

it was discovered that it was necessary to divide it pro rata. It was a nifty little New Year's joke, but now the stage people want their invitations to be in writing.

Considerable speculation is going the rounds as to the source of the dope on things theatrical which appears in a little fly-by-night race track tout sheet, which appeared when the races began. The column is scurrilous and just slips along on the safe side of libel, but there is barely enough facts in it to show that whoever supplies the information is in fairly close touch with the theaters. The attack on Lewis Stone bore all the evidences of personal backbiting, as that actor's personal and professional reputation in Los Angeles is above the sort of invective that was employed.

Compared with Ollie Morosco's silence as to what attractions he will put in his new Hamburger theater, the Sphinx is a vivacious school girl. It seems certain that the

playhouse will be completed at least in time for the fall opening, but what it will house is a deep, dark secret.

Tom Peck, passenger agent of the Salt Lake Route, is host to a jolly "half dozen of the best" on a jaunt to Riverside today (Saturday) where they will meet George Barnum tonight, and give the prince of them all a fitting "Welcome Home." It is no exaggeration to say that Barnum's personal friends alone are sufficiently numerous to fill the Belasco theater, and probably will do so, when he makes his first appearance January 20 in "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

What about those Ibsen matinees? Any person possessing the address of one Harry Mestayer will confer a favor by forwarding the same.

So Frank Healy went and got married! Who would have suspected the effervescent Frank of such intentions? This takes half the interest away from the engagement of the San Francisco Opera Company at the Los Angeles, for it is probable that the in-

fant impresario will have other means of employing his time now than recounting for the 'steenth time—guaranteed no two versions similar—or how he led the forlorn hope from San Francisco.

Anxious Inquirer—No; investigation fails to discover any truth in the report that Howard Scott is dramatizing "Three Weeks" for early presentation.

The Belasco has never produced a play more worth seeing than "The Three of Us." It is an odd mixture of commonplace incidents and stage episodes, of hackneyed occurrences—such as the hero finding the heroine in the villain's apartments—and of sweet, refreshing humanity. No hand but a woman's could draw with such keen, delicate insight the winsome character of Rhy MacChesney; none but a woman could strike so true a note in the love scenes. And yet it would seem that a man must have created the virile Stephen Townley—the masterful lover, the primitive hater.

Katherine Emmet has won her place in the hearts of the Belascoites as Rhy MacChesney. In the tense scene with Clem she is so tenderly true, so fully gives her whole soul to the part, that one regrets the lack of abandon that would make her love scenes ring deeper. She has the invaluable advantage of youthfulness, but she needs a shade more warmth. That she has depth is undoubted, it is evident that she knows her art, and when she learns to forget herself she will prove a credit to a position which such capable actresses have filled.

Charles Ruggles makes Clem MacChesney the dominant feature of the performance.

Even the forceful, intense Townley of Lewis Stone pales before Ruggles' delineation. In the little scene where Clem's manhood is awakened, Ruggles' awkward, boyish tenderness rings absolutely honest. It is a "fat" part, but it could so easily be spoiled by a single false tone; and Mr. Ruggles' perfection of the slightest detail makes it as finished a bit as Los Angeles has witnessed.

Peter Clancy once again demonstrates his unusual ability as Sonnie. Master Clancy is more at home on the stage than many actors thrice his age and experience. The part of Louis Beresford requires no uncommon exertion from Harry Glazier, and the Tweed Bix of Richard Vivian is up to the young actor's usual standard. Adele Farrington is her own lackadaisical self as the harum-scarum "Bixie," and, therefore, is hugely satisfying. Howard Scott is a handsome old Trenholm, and the Hop Wing of John Daly Murphy—while given a slightly Irish accent—is a triumph of make-up.

If there could be less pathological dramas and more clean, sweet plays like "The Three of Us," with its elusive, strongly human touch, the theater would not lose its dignity nor its worth.

Martin Beck seems to have skimmed the cream from his many attractions and classed it as THE show. Mr. Beck might have gone further and acted as censor as well as director. Studied vulgarity is inexcusable, and Keno and D'Arville do not gain by allowing coarseness to enter their act. If vaudeville is to be advanced in coming years as much as it has in the past, we may hope to have objectionable features eliminated from the turns offered.

George Ade's "Marse Covington" was given its original production at the George Barnum benefit last March. The playlet is not satisfying, and while it is pathetically real, it just misses the point of intensity required. Edward Connelly is headlined, but "Uncle Dan'l" runs away with the laurels.

The Tom Jack Trio bring forth music from all sorts of eccentric instruments, and the tiny, wonderfully trained dogs of Rosina Casselli are startling in their ability to perform unusual feats.

Kelly and Kent have always been vaudeville favorites, although the feminine half of the team is "the whole show." La Gardenia dances with the lithe, spiev abandon of the daughters of Spain, and the background of gayly-garbed troubadours forms an artistic effect not usually found in vaudeville. Coram, the ventriloquist, is one of the best of his kind, and his "business" has occasional touches of real cleverness.

A little pruning here and there, and the "Orpheum Road Show" would be a classic of its kind.

Evidently theater-goers are glad to welcome the San Francisco Opera Company back to the little Los Angeles theater. An exceptionally large and enthusiastic audience welcomed its return Sunday night, in as well-staged and acceptably presented a performance of "The Toymaker" as we have seen. Tiny Daphne Pollard, graceful as a butterfly, as pretty as the doll she represents, succeeds in making her listeners entirely overlook the voice that plays her sad tricks on the high notes. Aida Hemmi has absolutely no opportunity as Peter, the foreman of the toyshop, not even a note of

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her soprano being allowed to delight the audience. Arthur Cunningham's ringing baritone is true and delightful, and the chorus is as comely and sprightly as ever.

William Desmond proves a totally unexpected surprise in the part of "Raffles," he has carefully refrained from imitation of any sort; the white hair which was a distinctive feature of Kyrle Bellew's performance, is retained by Mr. Desmond because his lines call for it. Otherwise he plays Raffles in a straight, rather conservative fashion, that is as novel as it is refreshing. The character could easily be overdone, and Mr. Desmond's perception of its limitations is gratifying. Byron Beaseley, on the other hand, has frankly patterned his "Captain Bedford" after the original. Mr. Beaseley is totally unlike himself, but in some indefinable manner he strikes a false note throughout the entire performance. David Edwin is too much given to gesture and tricks of the voice; a little more ease, a little less melodrama, would make his Crawshaw an excellent bit. The other characters are subordinate.

W. L. Hubbard, who for many years has been dramatic and music editor of the Chicago "Tribune," has resigned the dramatic side of his work, but will retain the music editorship of that journal. All who know of Mr. Hubbard's work as a dramatic editor and critic will profoundly regret his withdrawal from this field, in which he has made the "Tribune" distinguished among American newspapers. With a vast and accurate fund of information about the theater and its people, full knowledge of stage traditions and history, the true critic's perceptive faculty and fine judgment, Mr. Hubbard wrote in plain but authoritative terms about plays and players passing before him for review. No one ever could question his conclusions, because invariably their legitimate bases were disclosed. He knew his vocation and exercised it with an exemplary skill and fairness. His loss as a dramatic writer will, therefore, be as great to the public as it is to the stage. Aside from his great ability as a dramatic writer, Mr. Hubbard is an accomplished musician as well as music critic. It is said that an inclination to concentrate his efforts has led to his relinquishment of dramatic criticism and its attendant labors. Mr. Hubbard is succeeded on the "Tribune" as dramatic editor by Burns Mantle, a young critic of ambition and worth demonstrated by his work on the "Inter-Ocean."—Dramatic Mirror.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Grand—The first week of the "Buster Brown" engagement at the Grand has established a new record for attendance at that house. The Grand has not merely been crowded, it has been packed at every performance, both afternoon and evening. The show has been justly heralded as the best "Buster Brown" Company ever sent to the coast. In addition to Master Rice, whose "Buster" of two seasons ago is remembered, there is Leila Cautna as Mary Jane, a dainty little woman whose inches are just sufficient for the part, and whose years just enough to escape the legal requirements for children on the stage. "Buster" remains for the week commencing Sunday January 12. A feature of the second week will be a

new song written by Melvin and Emma Bartlett, entitled "My California Belle," which will be sung by E. Coit Albertson, formerly of the Olympic Company in this city and now playing the leading role as Buster's uncle-to-be, "Jack Wynn."

Orpheum—Besides the seven acts of the Road show, there will be at the Orpheum for the week of December 13, Mlle. Zelig de Lussan, the famous operatic star. Mlle. de Lussan is the first great singer to brave prejudice and accept engagements where she can be heard by the greatest number of people, in vaudeville. This is her first vaudeville tour and it is a distinct triumph for the Orpheum to announce the greatest of American operatic stars. Mlle. de Lussan will be heard in an operatic programme. There will also be the famous juggling McBanns, a troupe not known here, but favorites in the East and in England.

Mason—Charles B. Hanford, than whom there is no better Shakespearean actor, holds the boards for three days next week, presenting "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

Belasco—Joseph A. Galbraith, the blonde matinee idol, returns to the local stage in one of his former successes, "A Gilded Fool."

Burbank—"Pretty Peggy" requires the whole Montrose-Moroseo stock of adjectives for description, and if promises are good, will afford a week of enjoyment to Burbank patrons.

Los Angeles—"Ship Ahoy," will be the second offering of the San Franciscans, beginning Sunday night.

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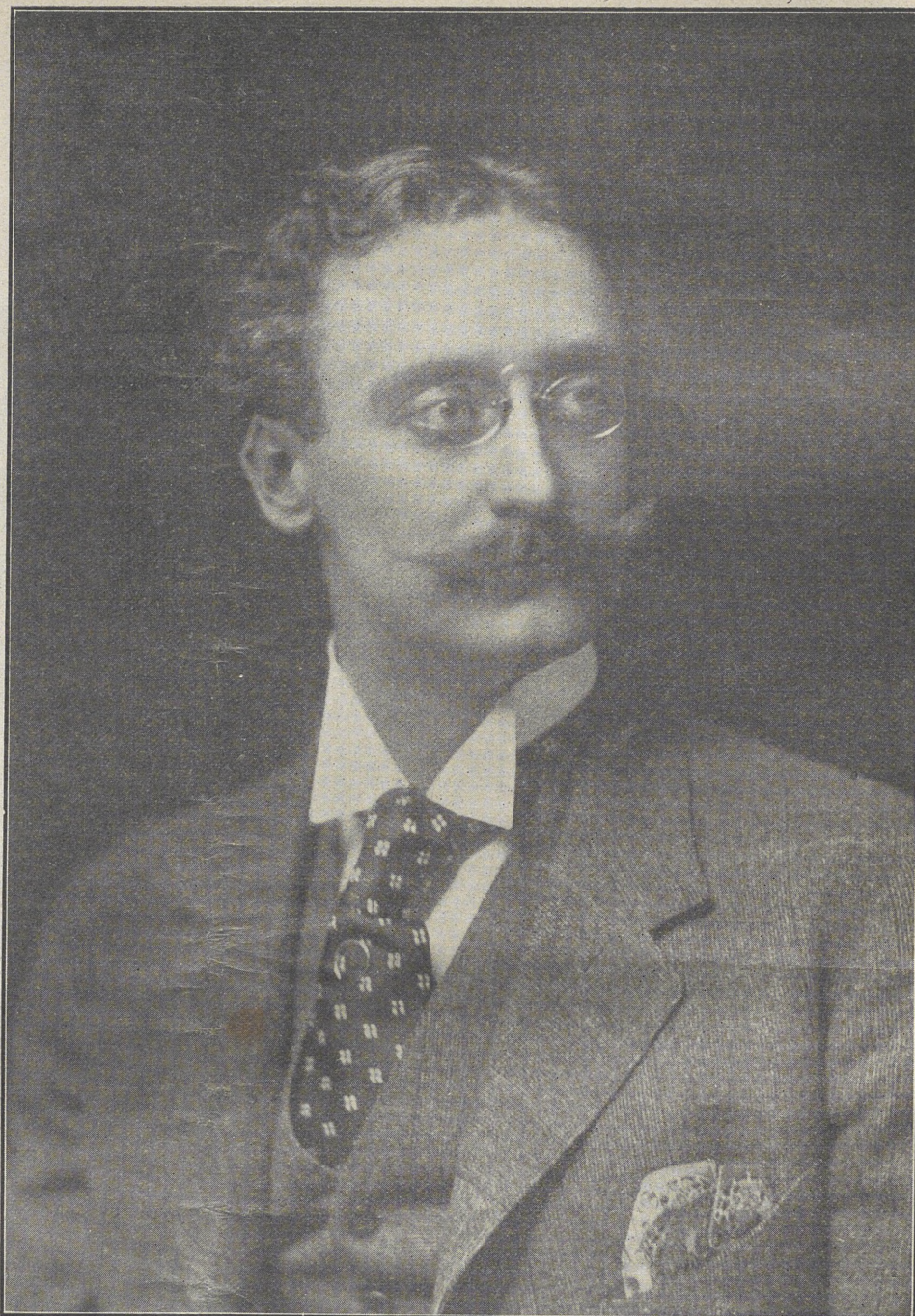
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HERBERT WITHERSPOON

The third event of the Great Philharmonic Course, which takes place at Simpson's Auditorium on Tuesday evening, January 14, is a musical event of great interest, not only to the teachers and musical students, but to the general public as well—the coming of the singer who is considered America's greatest basso, Herbert Witherspoon, and whom Mr. Behymer considers to be one of the strongest cards musically, that he has brought to Los Angeles in the last five seasons. There is no musical center in the East in which Herbert Witherspoon sings that will not assure him of a large and cultured audience, who recognize the superiority of this great basso and his splendid work. Everything in Witherspoon's programs is given with a sense of tonal value and musicianship, which stamps him as one of the great artists.

His program here is as follows:

Part I, opera and oratorio—

Recitative, "I feel the Deity within," Aria, "Arm! Arm! Ye brave," from "Judas Maccabaeus" (G. F. Handel.) Song to the Evening Star, from "Tannhauser" (R. Wagner.) Non piu Andrai, from "Le nozze di Figaro" (W. A. Mozart.)

Part II, classical and modern songs in German—Der Doppelgänger, Wer Machte dich so Krank (F. Schubert). Alte Laute, Der Knabe mit dem

Wunderborn (R. Schumann. Im Spatboot (Richard Strauss). Waldinsamkeit (Engen Haile). Helle Nacht, Drei Wandrer (Hans Hermann).

Part III, modern songs in English—

Forever and a Day (Albert Mack). The Pauper's Drive (Sidney Homer). Pastorale (H. Lane Wilson). Messmates (Hermann Lohr).

Part IV, modern French Songs—

L'Oiseau S'envole "Paul et Virginie" (Victor Massie). Si tu le veux (Ch. Koechlin). La Pax, monotone (Reynaldo Hahn). Chanson, from "La Jolie Fille de Perth" (Georges Bizet).

Part V, old melodies—

Meet Me by Moonlight Alone, English, (arranged by Wade). Shall I Wasting in Despair, English (Wilson). By the Short Cut to the Rosses Irish (Harty). Black Sheela of the Silver Eye, Irish (Harty).

A new factor has entered into the music life of Los Angeles. The Pomona College Choral Club, at Claremont, is invading Los Angeles and will give on Saturday night, January 13, at Simpson's Auditorium, Mendelssohn's celebrated oratorio, "Elijah." The rendition of this most beautiful work will be under the direction of Professor F. A. Bacon, of Pomona College, with Herr Arnold Krauss as concert master, and with a complete force of Symphony Orchestra players. The chorus numbers 140 trained

voices, some of whom have been singing together for over five seasons.

The soprano will be Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop; the contralto, Norma Rockhold Robbins; the tenor, Mr. Abraham Miller. The members of the organization promise a most delightful evening of music. Popular prices will prevail, and the seat sale is now on at the Bartlett Music Company.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Musical Courier" of New York, writes under date of December 14:

"Harry Clifford Lott the Californian baritone, made a successful debut at Choralion Hall on the 10th. He is the possessor of a rich baritone voice, thoroughly schooled and well under control. Furthermore Mr. Lott sang with a great deal of intelligence and warmth and with a broad and manly style. His selections were Arensky's "Adler," Sinding's "Schifferlied," Tschaiikowsky's "Schlaftriu, Getrubtes Lieb," and "Aus dem Jeuseits," Sueak's "Shepherd, See Thy Horse's Foaming Mane" and "Love Me If I Live" and "The Eden Rose," by Foote. Norah Drewett, the English pianist, who made a successful debut here last winter, was also heard at this concert. She is a brilliant young performer, who combines an excellent technique and a beautiful tone with good taste and expression."

The Gamut Club entertains this month Adele Veme, whom Hugo Mansfeldt says is easily the greatest of women pianists; Herbert Witherspoon, the great American basso; and welcomes back two of its most honored honorary members, Josef Hofman and Jan Kubelik.

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Zelie de Lussan, at the Orpheum

In the record of American singers who have acquired distinction in Grand Opera, none stands higher than Mlle. Zelie de Lussan. Those who watched this young American girl develop from a lovely child of great musical promise into a cantatrice of recognized genius, who saw her black eye fill with strange fires and heard her mellow voice round out into full perfection, who saw the little American girl win the highest honors both at home and abroad—have they not reason to be proud of their country-woman?

Like Calve, Mlle. de Lussan's greatest triumphs have been in the role of Carmen. Had she sung nothing else, her Carmen would be sufficient claim to fame. It is said that Mlle. de Lussan has sung Carmen in

opera and concert nearly eight hundred times. Among other roles that she has presented with distinction, may be mentioned Mignon, Nedda in "Pagliacci," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," "Juliet," Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello," Marguerite in "Faust," Nannetta in "Falstaff." To catalogue her artistic triumphs would be to write her biography. Since her first appearance as a girl of nine she has been the very darling of the gods.

Her appearance at the Orpheum is another triumph for vaudeville. To have secured the name of Mlle. de Lussan for the programme must have cost the Orpheum management much, both in money and diplomacy.

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

Carl Oscar Borg's exhibition which was held in The Women's Club House on Figueroa street, will be reviewed in our next issue.

Art and its progression is keeping pace with the steady growth of the city, as everything goes to show. There will be almost a continuous line of exhibitions for some time to come, the next being an interesting exhibit in the Blanchard galleries of the versatile work of Joseph Johnson Ray. This is booked for January 15, and will comprise a large number of landscapes and portraits, drawings in pencil and in ink. Next in line will be Marion Holden Pope, who will show her very interesting etchings at the Steekel galleries in the early spring. This will be followed by an exhibit of paintings by Albert Clinton Conner, which will possibly be held at the artist's home.

Norman St. Clair is working hard, also, to give an early exhibit. Eugene C. Frank will give an exhibition before leaving for his long trip abroad. Helma Heynsen-Jahn, we regret to say, has been ill for several weeks, but expects to resume her work very shortly with renewed vigor; she having several important commissions to fulfill. Joseph Greenbaum is very busy on important commissions. Antonn Molkenboer is at work on some decorations. G. M. Leonard Woodruff will shortly hold an exhibition of his fruit canvases. E. A. Burbank is showing his collection of Navajo Indian heads, which he has recently executed, having gone to the reservation for that purpose. These strong and beautifully drawn heads are being exhibited in the Kanst Art Galleries, 642 S. Spring street, and to the many interested in this artistic tribe of Indians, they will prove a real treat.

An important exhibit will take place at the Kanst Art Galleries next week, commencing Monday, January 13, of the work of Miss A. M. Dutton, of Boston, who has sent on her splendid water colors that have been exhibited at the Cobb Galleries in Boston, and, also in the new art galleries of

Pittsburgh. The collection consists of flower gardens and seaside views, taken in Italy and in Bermuda; for richness of color and powerful technique in water colors they are exceptionally good. It is seldom one sees such skill, such beauty of color, and sureness of touch in that most difficult of mediums. Whilst Miss Dutton is very well known in the East, she is unknown in the West, and as this is practically her debut on the Pacific Coast it is to be hoped that she will receive her due share of appreciation from all art lovers. Los Angeles is to be congratulated in having work of such a high standard to show.

Colonial Architecture and Decorations.

(Continued from last week.)

Perhaps one of the best known styles that had its birth in the last half of the 18th century and which took such a strong hold on the Colonials was the Adams style, so named from the works of Robert and James Adams, who came from a family of architects. The work due to the united efforts of these brothers was felt through the whole of the 18th century. Their father, William Adam, was an architect of great prominence in his time, having designed and built a large number of Scottish mansions, besides remodeling many more. Scotland appointed him Master-mason. He had a family of four sons; John, his eldest, inherited his business, and most likely shared much of the work which has been attributed to his father. Another brother, William, who died in 1822, was the one who managed the affairs of the more gifted brothers, Robert and James; Robert was the second son and won the titles of F.R.S., F.S.A.; this brother seems to have been the most gifted of all, though he entered into partnership with his brother James. Robert was born at Kirkcaldie in Fifeshire, 1728, and died from the effects of a bursting blood vessel in 1792; he was buried in Westminster Abbey in the South transept, where the records establish the above dates. It appears that he visited Rome in 1756 where he studied the antique

buildings very studiously, making many sketches and finished drawings especially of details which he measured and copied very accurately; he also paid great attention to garden architecture, together with all its details, making a great many drawings and designs of temples, garden seats, fountains, pedestals, etc., which were at that time greatly in demand.

They published several architectural works which were chiefly written by Robert. James died at his London residence, 13 Albemarle street, in 1794, of an apoplectic fit. John, Robert, James and William streets in the Adelphi, London, are named after the four brothers. To those who contemplate a trip to England and are interested in the works of these well known men, a list of their more important architectural work may not be out of place.

The screen in front of the Admiralty, London, made about 1760. Landesdowne House, on the south side of Berkeley Square, London, executed about 1767. Kenwood House, Lord Mansfields, 1764-1767. Adelphi, which was begun in 1768. Mansfield Place, Portland Place, about 1770. This locality is extremely rich with examples of the Adams' brothers interior decorations that are very beautiful. Sir Watkin William Wynn's house in St. James' Square, London, built about 1770. Harewood House, south-east corner of Harewood Place, Hanover Square, about 1776. White's Club in St. James' street, London, 1787. Fitzway Square, the south and east sides were commenced by the Adams brothers in 1790.

Much of the work on Stratford Place, Oxford street, London, was by them. Some of their ceilings were very beautiful and in character might be termed the English Empire.

Their furniture also was extremely refined and delicate, well proportioned and superb in detail. None have surpassed these brothers for delicacy of classical treatment in either their architectural work or that of interior decoration, including their furniture.

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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

The Jack-Rabbit is here and so is its owner and driver, Mr. Edward Apperson. There is nothing particularly freakish about the car itself. It has the appearance of any high-power runabout, except that the hood is a trifle long and high for an ordinary four-cylinder engine. There are but two

seats, one for the driver and one at his side. In place of a rumble there is a big cylinder placed athwart-ships, for holding gasoline and oil. This is a good idea from two points of view, it is a convenient place in which to carry gasoline and the cylinder itself advances the symmetry of the car by adding

bulk to the back part so that the car does not have the effect of being the head and part of the neck of a giant cobra, as most high-power runabouts do. The engine itself is a very husky looking machine. The cylinders are placed very close together and give a false impression of having a very

long stroke, which as a matter of fact is not the case, as the bore is 5 1-2 inches and the stroke five inches only. The bed-plate is particularly strong, and the cross beams which hold it to the frame have the appearance of being able to stand a heavy strain. Everything else is in proportion, yet there is nothing clumsy about any of the parts. The cylinder tops are given up to water circulation, while the sparking is done on each side at a lower level. There are duplicate spark plugs, one for battery and one for high tension magneto sparking. The magneto is placed on the exhaust side, and has a separate time which is controlled by

an extension from the spark lever that work the battery timer. The gear was not uncovered while I was there, so I cannot say anything about it, except its outside appearance gives the same impression of elegant strength as the engine. "Elegant" strength is good. It just expresses the appearance of the power plant of this car. Strength, that is, with no clumsy heaviness. This machine looks as though it could carry out its owner's boast of great speed on the road.

Mr. Apperson himself is a man with a very distinct personality; the personality of the keen, hustling American business man. He impresses me as never being entirely happy unless he is doing something and that something worth while. His manner stops short of being nervous, but has just sufficient of that quality to let you know that he is very much alive. Judging by the amount of press work he has had one might expect to find him one of that type of objectionables who stands by the side of his car and prates loudly of what he can do. But this is not Mr. Apperson. He speaks little about what he can do, in fact, he did not mention the subject while I was there and I had to pump Mr. Vaughn to find out just what Mr. Apperson thinks he can do. Summed up this is about what it is: "A long distance road race is nothing but a test of endurance

to see which car can hold together the longest. I will not even consider a race on a track, as the Jack-Rabbit is not a track racer. But I am open to any proposition on the road for a distance from one up to ten miles, and will wager any money up to \$10,000." After all it is money that talks, and Mr. Apperson will get all the better reception from Southern California Motor-dom for his quiet way of doing things.

Personally, I am not in favor of the freak roadster. Forty miles an hour is quite enough for little Jackie Hall, and even at that speed I like to know the man who is driving. But this kind of thing makes good dope and we poor scribblers would be in a hard way if there were not plenty of auto-ists who think they can go faster than the other fellow. Mr. Apperson has named the conditions under which he will race. Who is going to take him up?

The following is clipped from the "San Francisco News Letter" in which I find live and up-to-date auto dope every week. Maybe this was clipped from an Eastern paper. Anyway, it is quite interesting, and I make my acknowledgements to the auto editor of the "News Letter." The first is part of an interview with Charles H. Burman, the well-known Peerless track driver:

"Another point to be considered is the fact that the average driver in the races is some cracker-jack chauffeur, who has been driving in private or public service, who graduates into the racing game. There is not one in a hundred of these men who train for the contest. They will go out on the track, warm up a bit, and go in a contest, and under the excitement of competition, they left off, making the first turn easily and open up the car on the back stretch. Not being acquainted with the game, they get their first trouble at the next turn, if they miss it here, sooner or later, gaining more confidence as the contest goes on, they fail to appreciate what they are doing, and sooner or later, at the turns, come to grief. Now, take for instance, Barney Oldfield. I know it for a fact that when he started the racing game that for weeks and weeks he daily rode, mile after mile, on the track in his racing cars, not doing better than one-twenty, and even at the beginning, at a much slower pace. It was a long time before he attempted to essay a mile a minute, and then would only do it occasionally. Those who drove at that time drove cars that would seldom do better than forty miles. In striking contrast to these, we have the high-powered car of today, with the man that never trains. For these reasons alone, I consider that racing on the mile track with the modern automobile, even by experienced men, should be stopped. Such accidents as were witnessed last year do not help the game along, and if continued, will give the sport a set-back that will take years to overcome."

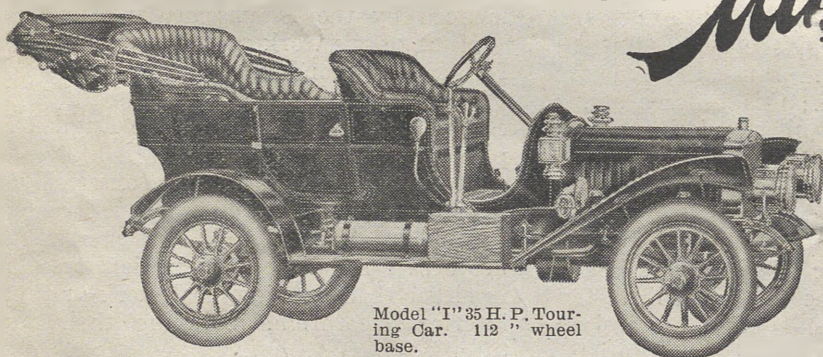
Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee and "Belle-soeur" were coming back from Pasadena last Sunday evening. The irrepressible Lester Pattee was driving, and the engine of the Royal was in fine fettle. Arrived in town, it was decided to make a comparison with the one and only Cadillac, so Pat turned up Fifth Street in order to negotiate certain

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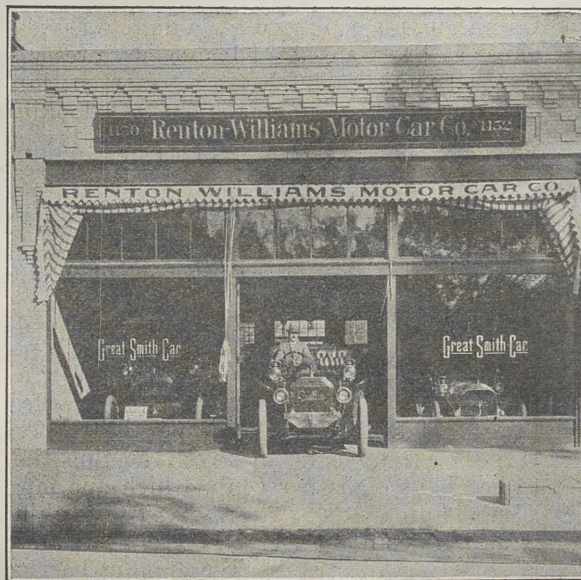
hills and demonstrate his skill as a driver and the incidental superiority of the Cadillac. So up they went and down they went, and then around and up again. Finally they slid up Broadway as far as the tunnel, then a quick turn to the left, up the hill and down again. As they approached Temple Street Pat described a stalwart figure all belhelmed standing in the middle of the crossing. He stopped and mentally weltered fifteen iron men from his bank roll. The crossing cop was very sauve in his manner. "Good evening ladies, gentlemen and the shofure," quoth he, "it seems to me that you were not hitting the low places on your nocturnal climb towards the dizzy heights of Banningville." Pat blushed 'neath the vivid light of the street arc lamp. "Good cop," he said, "What hath low places to do with thee?" "Only this," was the answer, "that it is most unseemly that you should negotiate this hill at a speed of forty miles an hour. 'Tis dangerous for life and limb of sundry pedestrians." Then did the genial Pat reach down and open the throttle valve connecting with the hot air tank. Sweetly smiled he and pushed the calorified atmosphere towards the disgruntled policeman. Yet all the time he felt the creeping sensation which goes always with the disbursement of fifteen dollars. When he had exhausted all his talk, then spake the cop: "Good Pat," quoth he, "I would verily hale thee up to appear before one Isaac Walton Rose, despite thy kindly smile and overflow of heated atmosphere, save for one thing. Thou thinkest that thou wast going fast. Maybe for such as thee and thy friends. But hear me good Pat, I have seen Jack Keough, Fiery Dan, Grand Avenue Bill and others pass here and, compared to them thou wast but hitting a snail's pace, therefore, and thusly I let thee go." Now Pat is saying that he secured immunity by talking the cop out of it. But deep down in his heart he is feeling very peeved, and will burn the pavement of that same hill very shortly after reading this and shedding many salt tears. Thus he speaks:

"Sic fatur lacrimans, carburretur-que gasolenas,
Et tandem Tunnelis cumarem adspeedi-
tur oris."

—Quotation from Johnny Virgil Dumption. Oh, scan these lines for me, gentle Pat, and tell me that they read true.

Welcome, Society of Chauffeurs. Good for you, Jack Keough, you are doing a good work and you have my boosting from now on. You have evolved the most sensible idea I have heard of for a long time. For the benefit of the morose public, let me explain. Jack Keough, of whom you have heard in these columns as the cleverest and most all-round driver in the state, has been trying to get the chauffeurs together. For a union? Nay, God forbid! For a club and general "Help-each-other-out" society. They had a meeting last Saturday night, and there was a goodly attendance. It was decided to make the admission for charter members \$5.00, and to hold the charter list open for one week. There are about 170 "real" chauffeurs in this town, and they are all eligible. If they take my tip they will crowd in, for such an organization is bound to be a success. For the following reasons: Most chauffeurs are unmarried,

and the club will be a place where they can spend their evenings pleasantly without great expense. The boys will get together and will remember to forget petty jealousies. The best class of drivers will belong, and owners looking for such will know where to go for a man when they want a reliable chauffeur. Those are the general advantages and here is a personal one: Imagine what "dope" a fellow can get by butting into a bunch of chauffeurs. I understand that I have been elected honorary and honorable press-agent to the organization. In about three weeks I shall have the Wil-



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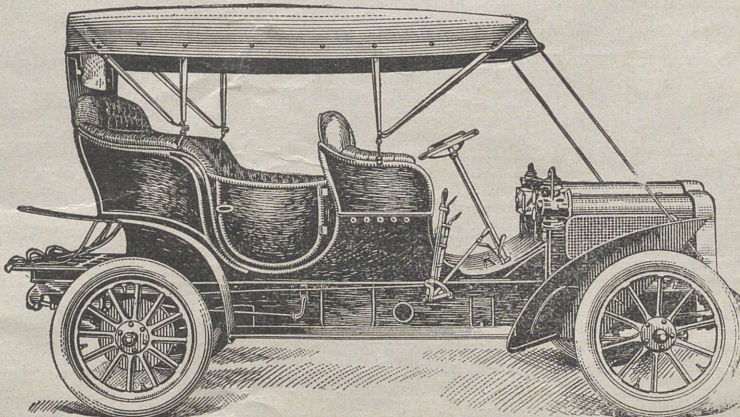
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liamson combination wiped off the map. But, speaking seriously, here's jolly good luck to you fellows. There is no more worldly-wise and clean a sportsman than the American chauffeur. The latter is a French name. We can't use much that is French over here, so I take upon myself to invent a new name. Let us call the new association "The Southern California Gasengiers." Jack Keough is president, and Sir Francis Sidney Kendal is secretary. Good luck to you boys.

Charlie Pratt and Bill Anson have had a terrible squabble. Bill Anson is the man who scraped off the seat of R. R. Hitt's Stearns after the record run from Riverside. It seems that on the way they passed Charlie Pratt repairing a tire. Charlie states, loudly and most emphatically, that he would

never been overtaken if the tire had not busted. Bill Anson is equally sure about the contrary. What do we care? Let them scrap it out, and have another record run. Mr. Hitt let us hear from you, and Charlie Pratt make good your bluff and we will have a good race from Riverside to Los Angeles. Modestly, I admit to a willingness to act as stake holder and timer. Are you on?

The hand-me-down Kid and I have had yet another trip out to Arcadia. This time we begged another ride from the Royal. The Kid, it seems, had to interview Judge Hamilton on some story for an effete eastern paper and he wanted the loan of my presence at the function. I felt very important butting up into the judge's stand and looking as though the fate of horse-racing lay at

the end of my pen. (This is a mixed metaphor, as I always use a typewriter). I was rather astonished to find that the Judge was an ordinary mortal and was a very genial and courteous one at that. He sized me up and then began to talk to me about sport in general. When we got through I found that he had charmed me into talking about the sports that I am interested in and I left with a lovely feeling that I had made a hit and that the Judge would always be glad to see me. This may have been the result of art on the judge's part, but I think not. It seems to me that it is the natural sportmanship of the man. He loves the open air and all clean sport. What a fat chance anybody has to knock the judges in my hearing now. If they were all like Mr. Hamilton there would be very much less antagonism to the racing game.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring
Los Angeles, Cal.
Statement at close of Business, Dec. 3, 1907

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$10,185,544.73
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,588,674.03
Clearing House Loan Certificates....	87,000.00
Clearing House Scrip	69,264.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,190,900.94

TOTAL \$17,121,383.70

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,499,001.65
Circulation	1,242,100.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	145,000.00
Deposits	11,685,282.05
Other Liabilities	1,300,000.00

TOTAL \$17,121,383.70

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

Foster's Magazine

Volume X JANUARY, 1908 No. 4

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Money is again at work hereabouts, with loans being made at from seven to nine per cent. A few loans have been written since January 1 at six per cent., and a few less have found a level at ten per cent. The ruling rate appears, however, at this time to be about eight per cent., which one must admit is pretty nearly normal. The banking situation has not yet eased off so as to allow of ordinary loans and discounts, but barring the unforeseen, this latter will have become a reality in a short time. I have no reason to change the prediction made in this department last week, to the effect that by February 15 we shall all be on the up-climb in a financial way.

With the worst at an end, now will come the agitation incidental to the congressional debates on finance. I take it that leaders in the two houses at the national capital will not indulge in endless talk, but will see to it that such laws as are necessary shall be enacted into being as rapidly as possible. The rules of the Senate may interfere, as unlimited debate always has been permitted in that house.

About \$750,000 dividend funds were distributed in Los Angeles January 1, and nearly \$250,000 more will be sent out in the next thirty days. United States Long Distance and Los Angeles Home preferred stockholders, as well as Santa Monica Home, have theirs coming the first week in February. The first and last are at the rate of \$1 a quarter, and Home preferred of Los Angeles pays \$1.25.

There is plenty of private money in sight at seven and eight per cent., nearly all the loans being upon Los Angeles realty. In fact, through the worst of the recent flurry, owners of idle funds did not hesitate to place their money at ordinary rates, being glad to loan for as long a period as three years. Standard securities are firmer than they have been in months, and at prices that indicate a decided upturn.

By the way, if certain Los Angeles bankers of eminence were not incorrectly reported during the week, they may find themselves called upon to explain in Washington. The national Congress may decide to make it a felony for national banks to issue due bills as currency. In the event that is done, the gentlemen referred to probably will be

sorry that they defied the Federal law making powers by intimation, with sensational newspapers as their medium.

Articles of incorporation have been filed in the county clerk's office by the Abstract Compiling Company, whose purpose is to do an abstract business. The capital stock is placed at \$1000, and the directors include W. H. Obear, W. H. Hay, J. B. Samuel, J. J. Lambert and S. S. Marmon, all of Los Angeles.

The new German-American Bank of Portland is to absorb the assets of the Oregon Trust and Savings Bank. Los Angeles capitalists are interested in the German-American of Portland. Among the directors and stockholders are M. P. Snyder, Perry W. Weidner, W. H. Allen and F. F. Graves of Los Angeles, and U. S. Grant, S. A. Reed and William Burg of San Diego.

R. I. Rogers is to be elected vice-president of the National Bank of California, at the annual meeting to be held January 14. George E. Fishburn, formerly of the First National, of San Diego, and brother of J. E. Fishburn, President of the bank, will become cashier in consequence of Mr. Rogers' promotion.

Bonds

An issue of \$45,000 to provide proper fire protection is proposed at Santa Monica.

Bonds of the San Gabriel school district to the amount of \$2,500 will be sold by the Los Angeles supervisors, on January 20.

A bond election for \$8,000 is on the tapis at Monrovia to meet a deficiency and to provide additional school facilities.

The Douglas County Club, of Douglas, Ariz., will float an issue of \$2,500.

Santa Monica soon votes on a \$20,000 issue, the money being needed to replace the school building recently burned.

Bonds of the South Pasadena (city) school district to the amount of \$25,000 will be sold by the supervisors of Los Angeles county on January 20.

The Willow Brook school district bonds (Los Angeles county) of \$9500, will be sold by the Supervisors on January 20.

The Southwestern Home Telephone Company of Riverside has authorized an issue of \$1,000,000 for extensions.

In the Literary World

Those interested in the study of Shakespeare's plays will recall that a few years ago Horace Howard Furness, Jr., prepared a revision of his father's Variorum edition of "Macbeth," which was most favorably received by Shakespearean critics. It manifested ability and scholarship, and demonstrated the wisdom of Dr. Furness in associating his son with this invaluable work, so stupendous as to be beyond the ability of a lifetime to complete. Dr. Furness' latest volume, "Antony and Cleopatra," appeared a couple of months ago. We now have the gratifying intelligence that his son has completed "Richard III," which is in press, and will be published the early part of next year. This inspires the hope that hereafter the volumes of this edition will appear at more frequent intervals.

A remarkable series of pictures illustrative of the state of things in Spain during the seventeenth century, when she sank from the position of the first power in Europe to impotence, dismemberment and humiliation, will be found set forth in a volume of more than five hundred pages, entitled "The Court of Philip IV," by Martin Hume (Putnams.)

The author is well known as the lecturer in Spanish history and literature at the English University of Cambridge, and as editor of the calendars of Spanish state papers. He made up his mind some years ago, he tells us, to write a political history of the wane and final disappearance of the prodigious national imposture that had enabled Spain, aided by the rivalries between other nations, to dominate the world for a century by moral force, unsupported by any proportionate material power. The first-hand sources of knowledge to be studied for such a history were enormous in bulk and widely scattered, and Mr. Hume finally found himself constrained to reduce his plan to more modest dimensions, and to present not a comprehensive political history of the period of Spain's decline, but rather a series of pictures chronologically arranged of the doings and surroundings of Philip IV, during whose life of sixty years the eclipse of the Spanish monarchy was accomplished.

The ground was practically virgin. It is true that John Dunlop three quarters of a century ago wrote a history of the reign of Philip IV, mainly concerned, however, with the Spanish wars in Germany, Flanders and Italy. That was before the archives of Europe were accessible, and the book is now obsolete. The Spanish reproductions in recent years of seventeenth century documents for the most part unknown in England, has added much to the previously existing sources of information, while numerous original manuscripts and old printed narratives and letters of the time in Spanish, English and French, have contributed ample material for the embodiment in the text of the first hand descriptions of events.

Holt & Co. have published a book entitled "Shirley Brooks of Punch, His Life, Letters and Diaries," by George Somes Layard. It may seem at the first glance unreasonable to devote a volume of nearly 600 pages to a man who made no permanent mark on English literature, although in his time he did sound and attractive work as a novelist, verse writer, playwright, journalist and as editor of "Punch." Nevertheless, the personality of Shirley Brooks was so engaging and the biographer's task has been so well performed that few, if any, that take up the book are likely to lay it down until they have read the last page. The truth is that the work is not narrowly biographical, but presents a comprehensive picture of England's literary and artistic society in the mid-Victorian epoch. We come frequently, for instance, on the names of Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope and Charles Reade, of Mil-lais, Tenniel and John Leech. An atmosphere of geniality pervades the volume; there is not a dull page in it.

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Hollenbeck Park—Take East First or Euclid Ave-
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles Cal., December 30, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Emil Bartholomans, of Fernando, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the Lot Two (2), of Section No. 6, in Township No. 2N, Range No. 14W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Maurice L. Weile, John J. Goldsworthy, of Los Angeles; Bablo Lopez and Stephen Lopez, of Fernando, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3rd day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Jan.4-9t. Date of first publication Jan.4-'08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., January —, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Jennie A. Bristol, of Sherman, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the E½ of SE¼ and SW¼ of SE¼ of Section No 26, in Township No. 1S, Range No. 19W, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday, the 11th day of March, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, Freeman M. Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, Cal., and Albert M. Montgomery, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Jany 11, 9t.—Date of first publication, Jan. 11-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

December 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9610, made July 2, 1901, Add'l Hd. No. 11518, Nov. 27, 1907, for the NW¼ of NW¼, and NE¼ of NW¼ (Lot 1,) Section 34, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on February 4, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Elijah W. Woolsey, of Watts, Cal.; A. H. Nash, of Rivera, Cal.; Clara D. Blinn, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Filetta A. Dayton, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Dec.28-5t. Date of first publication Dec.28-07.



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